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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[BAD NEWS.]

SHE SHINES ME DOWN.

(BY ANNIE THOMAS)

CHAPTER XXXI.

But thou to please wert nurtured so completely
That I can never tell what mood is best.

"Arch, if I do die, what a relief it will be to you," continued Gladys.

"You talk horribly!" said Arch.

"Perhaps I do—I feel 'horrible' at leaving Friars Court; promise me whatever comes that you will keep a paddock and a kennel for Steel Grey and Vengeance!"

"My wife! you shall not leave me in this despairing mood," he says, passionately. "I will go with you."

She interrupts him by shaking her head in a way that shows him that she does not mean to entertain his proposition for a moment.

"What is your objection to my going?" he asks, anxiously; "you surely can't wish your family to suppose that you have married a man you're ashamed of introducing to them?"

"Arch, that is too ridiculous a suggestion for me even to attempt to combat it; I wish to go alone because if I decide upon making it up with my family, I will concede this to them, that they shall have a full explanation of that conduct of mine which they deem so mysterious. Now they are my own kith and kin after all, and I fancy it will be easier for me to be candid and humble in my dealings with them if I am alone

than if you were present; you see I want to shine as a star before you still, and a 'star' should never confess to mistakes, even if it makes a few. Britton will be with me, and Florence is in town to look after me; what more can you require, my lord and master?"

"In dealing with a lady I cannot 'require,' I can only state my wishes, though that lady is my own wife," Arch says, and there is something chivalrous in his tone and words that strikes a responsive chord in her heart in spite of herself. She must cavil or she will submit, she feels, and to submit will not only be supine on her part, but ruinous to her plan.

"Though I am your own wife," Arch, why do you condescend to use these claptrap old-world, used-up, idiotic, conventional phrases? You start by stating that 'in dealing with a lady' you can only do so and so, and then you go on to take credit to yourself for not dealing less chivalrously with me because I am 'your own wife.' Do you mean to imply that the mere fact of my having become 'your own wife' is sufficient cause why I should forfeit the consideration due from you as a gentleman to me as a lady?"

In his own mind Arch thinks:

"Gladys wants a row, just for the sake of making me say by way of apology that I am glad she is going up to town, and delighted that she finds any amusement she can apart from me; but I don't feel it, and I won't say it."

"Come, Arch," his wife resumes, seeing him both sad and silent, "listen to reason; my last visit to town brought about a pleasant friendship that will last as long as I live, I hope—between your sister and myself; supposing this second visit brings about fraternal intercourse

between my sisters (who must be sweet indeed if my memory does not play me false) and you? Anyhow, I'm going to make the trial, and I'm going to make it in my own way."

She bends her wistful face towards him as she speaks—that face which, harassed as it is at the present moment, is still the most charming one that Arch Saltoun's eyes have ever sought. The "most charming one he can ever see," he feels, as he kisses it rapturously.

And with that kiss the agreement to her going to London with Britton for her sole companion is sealed.

She spends several hours of this day in sorting and rearranging her jewel boxes.

Considering how brief a period of time she means to spend in London, she shows almost exaggerated interest in separating the Saltoun family jewels and heirlooms from those which were given to her by Arch on their marriage.

Everything that belongs in the remotest degree to the family she leaves behind.

Everything that is her own without doubt she takes.

Among these latter are some of sufficient beauty and value to make the lustre of the Saltoun heirlooms pale.

Diamonds for which a Peri might have wept; rubies for which loyal hearts might have bled; and pearls fit to grace the brow of that peerless queen of romance and song, Mary of Scotland, are among the brilliant treasures which are packed and padlocked with scrupulous care in a fire-proof travelling jewel-case.

"I'm taking the prettiest things I have where-with to bother and beguile those people of mine who have been so long in coming to their repentant senses," she says to her husband in

response to his look of amused amazement as he surveys her travelling gear; "but though I am taking the prettiest inanimate things I have, I'm leaving the most dearly-loved animate ones behind me; promise me that while I'm away no other woman shall ride Steel Grey, and be kind to Vengeance?"

"I don't know another woman who could ride Steel Grey, and if I meet with such a female phenomenon in the course of the next few days, I will tell her that Steel Grey is sacred to you," Arch says, lightly.

Gladys looks at him thoughtfully for a few moments, then she says:

"My poor little mare; Arch, if I ever knew that another woman had ridden Steel Grey, I should wish that woman's neck broken; keep Steel Grey sacred to me; and may Vengeance bite anyone who tries to win his allegiance from me."

Again Arch laughs. It all seems so peurile to him, this jealousy of the love of horse and dog.

"Vengeance gave his allegiance to a stranger readily enough yesterday," he says, and she interrupts him to beg that he will not try to make her "believe that a dog can be as weak-hearted and fickle as a man."

It is not to the Dmores's house that Gladys wends her way this time, weary and heart-sore as she is by the time she reaches there; she takes the trouble to drive about and search for comfortable, but obscure, lodgings.

Finally she finds just such rooms as are suited to her present purpose, in a district that is as unfashionable as it is respectable, and having secured them she returns to the Great Western Terminus and telegraphs to her husband.

"Arrived safely, going at once to Florence—Possibly you may hear from one of us to-morrow, but probably not."

"That gives me one day free," she says to herself as she drives back to the dreary, respectable, unfashionable lodgings.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Thou art gone from my gaze
Like a beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain
By the valley and stream.

REASSURED by the telegram, and hopefully expectant of a letter, the non-arrival of which will not disconcert him very much, Arch Saltoun accepts an invitation to join a party assembled at a stag-hunting squire's house on the other side of the county for a week, without a single misgiving.

Gladys is all right, well, happy, and with his sister! What more can the most affectionately exacting husband desire?

Accordingly the master of Friars Court departs from it with his string of hunters blithely enough, and Lady Ellerdale is deprived, for a time, of the pleasure of showing the neighbourhood how entirely she has cut her former friend.

Mr. Saltoun takes with him his favourite grooms and his own valet; in fact, takes with him all the new masculine serving blood and active intelligence of the household.

He leaves behind him a butler who has been forty years in the family, and who objects to all modern innovations and improvements. Especially does he distrust railways and telegraphs.

Accordingly when a telegram arrives for his master he lays it aside with the weekly bills and rates and taxes on his master's table.

Friars Court is eight miles from a telegraph office, and the butler has to disburse for its delivery.

This fact alone, though it is not to his own cost, makes him think hard things of this telegram.

For as he argues sensibly enough, "When he took service with his master's grandfather people would have laughed at such follies; and where was the good of the penny post if one had

to pay eight shillings for a few words that might just as well be written to-morrow."

Arch Saltoun has a week of thorough happiness. One stag gives them a noble run, from the heart of Exmoor right away to Barnstable, and Arch is one of the three men who draw rein and slacker girth on Barnstable bridge when the grand object they have pursued so grandly takes his plunge for life into the river.

"How Gladys would have loved to be here," he thinks; "little Steel Grey and his mistress would have gone in after the stag, I believe; Gladys sticks at nothing."

Their horses are dead beat, and they themselves, now that the excitement is over, feel too flurried to attempt to return to the hospitable roof which is temporarily sheltering them. So they stay at the Barnstable Inn this night, and some other sporting distraction leads them further astray on the morrow when fresh horses and fresh interests divert them.

Arch Saltoun is essentially a popular man in this local sporting world. Everybody is glad to get him on any terms.

Many people are glad to get him apart from that lady so full of idiosyncrasies whom he has made his wife.

Altogether he is having a flying time of it amongst old and new acquaintances to whom the master of Friars Court is as a star that shineth.

When eventually at the end of ten days he and his retinue set their faces homewards, it occurs to him for the first time that he has had no tidings of Gladys!

Simultaneously it occurs to him that he could not possibly have received the tidings even if she has sent them; as his address has been unknown both to her and to the household at Friars Court.

"I shall most likely find the dear girl at home—in a fury about these unexplained days of mine," he laughs to himself, as he makes the last stage of his journey homeward, and he longs for the time to come when a child will leap along at Gladys' side to meet him on his return.

It is almost a disappointment, but he will not let it check his heartiness when he drives up to the side door and no wife appears on the threshold to greet him.

The question "Is your mistress back?" is answered in the negative, still he goes in cheerily enough, trusting to find a letter from her.

His table is crowded with invitations, bills, business letters of all kinds.

In short, with the mass of correspondence which is apt to accumulate when a man has been away from his home for a week.

Unpretendingly nestling in amongst the more obtrusive epistolary demands upon his attention he finds a telegram—to this effect:

From	To
Sarah Britton, 15, Pengarvous Terrace, Chelsea.	Archibald Saltoun, Friars Court, Hesselton, Somerset.

"My mistress was taken violently ill yesterday morning, and died last night in terrible agony. Will you come at once and arrange about the funeral?"

He did not ask himself whether he was mad or dreaming.

He simply sat half-stunned, reading and re-reading the terrible telegram, and knowing all the while that it was all true, or that, at any rate, it was all real.

Dead!

Gladys dead! And he asked to go and "arrange about the funeral!"

Slowly, painfully he struggles with the horrible infatuation that chains his eyes to those awful words, and looks for a date. It was sent to him eight days ago, and he is here still! And Gladys' dead!

That bright, beautiful woman! That sun of his life! For she has been this, though she has set his surroundings on fire sometimes.

It is such an appalling blow that as yet he cannot even feel regret.

There is no one who dares to come near him in his mighty sorrow.

Only the dog Vengeance seems to know that they share a common grief, and sits with his head for an hour on Arch's knee, unnoticed, but giving the man who loved her the solace of the sympathy of the dog whom she loved.

The butler whose prejudices in favour of the past have delayed the intelligence and introduced a few more complications into that tangled skein, Arch Saltoun's life, escapes without a reprimand even.

Poor Arch is too broken by his unhappiness to be angry with anybody. Gladys is dead, and his life is a blank!

Droarily, hopelessly, inertly he prepares to start by the next express for town.

But "for why?" he asks himself; "she will be buried by this time, and he will only have to encounter the poor shadow of his own grief in Florence and Britton."

Thinking thus, he turns over the letters that have accumulated during his absence once more, in the vague endeavour, and still more vague hope that he may find one from that loving sister of his, or that devoted servant of his lost love.

It rouses him a little to find that there is not so much as a line!

Have they misjudged him to the extent of thinking that his silence has meant indifference?

An indignant sense that it is due to her memory to prove to them at once that they have wronged him in this, urges him on to more alert and vigorous measures, and he looks eager as well as wretched as he drives rapidly over to the station.

Lady Ellerdale passing him on the way, reads aright the expression of his face, and tells her husband with something of satisfaction in her voice when she gets home, that:

"She believes that poor, infatuated idiot, Saltoun, has been deserted by his fickle, fantastic wife, and has found her out at last."

Lady Ellerdale is quite in the position, in spite of that visit to the roadside cottages, to tell her husband everything, and to feel sure that he will listen to her utterances with interest and respect.

Mr. Cadogan's existence is unsuspected by him, for she has fabricated a pretty and rather touching story of a late fellow artist having appealed to her in his distress.

Lord Ellerdale shrinks from all mention of her late fellow artists, and abhors hearing of anyone's distress.

Accordingly he does not investigate the matter at all, and so it passes off without further inquiry on his part, or the necessity for further taxing of the powers of invention on hers.

But now when she graphically and dramatically describes to him the incident of meeting Arch Saltoun, and distinctly avers what was the impression conveyed by his appearance to her mind, Lord Ellerdale is shocked and disappointed to the degree of giving all his attention to the matter.

Yes, disappointed; for though he has suffered himself to believe that Gladys might have been induced to forget her marriage vow, and forfeit her position, for his sake he can ill bear to hear her suspected of having been beguiled into doing it for another man.

He replies to his wife's remarks and suspicions rather sharply, therefore, reminding her that her stage training has taught her to be always on the look-out for stagey causes and effects in real life, and winding up with a panegyric on the woman his countless hates, which makes the latter condone in her own mind every offence she ever has, or ever can commit against him.

It is very late at night when Arch Saltoun reaches Number Fifteen, Pengarvous Terrace, Chelsea, and when he does reach it he has to wake up a bewildered household who never having heard of Gladys in death or life, can give him no information about her.

The master of the family is a struggling

artist who convinces Arch that all that portion of his house which is not studio is nursery, it is impossible that he can let lodgings!

So, convinced and more heart-stricken than before, Arch goes on to his sister's house, and finds that Mr. and Mrs. Dumorest have not yet returned from a fancy ball.

"Then they can't know," he begins, ejaculating, but checks himself, to ask more calmly of the servant who is giving him the information, "do they know anything of Mrs. Saltoun?"

"Nothing," his informant is very definite and distinct on this point, for her mistress said to her only this morning that she "wished she could consult Mrs. Saltoun's exquisite taste about her fancy-dress, and that she wondered why she had not heard anything from Friars Court for so long a time."

There is nothing for him to do but to await his sister's return, and to think—a variety of maddening thoughts.

"Twere long to tell, and vain to hear how fruitless all his inquiries are, how torturingly he loses every clue as fast as he seems to gain one to what has really happened.

At length in answer to one of the advertisements with which he floods the newspapers of every sort that circulate in every class he receives a letter stating that the writer can give herself the melancholy pleasure of giving him the information he requires.

She gives him her address at a certain number in the Abbey Road, and thither he proceeds.

He finds a pretty, gaudily-furnished villa residence, and is introduced into the presence of its mistress—a pretty gaudily-dressed woman. There is sickening confirmation of the fact of Gladys having been here before this woman speaks, in the glimpse he catches of sundry trifles that belonged to Gladys which are lying carelessly about.

Still he asks for the whole story and hears it.

"Yes, the lady, Mrs. Saltoun, had come there about a month ago, poor dear, with her maid, and after a day or two had been taken very ill with a fever that was prevalent in the neighbourhood at the time. It had been a terrible trouble, and a terrible loss to her, 'the mistress of the house,' she assured Mr. Saltoun, 'for people didn't like to take rooms which had been so lately occupied by a fever-case who had died. The lady had had the best of medical attendance, and of nursing, but she had passed away for all that, and was buried in Kensal Green. She referred him to the doctor who had been called in immediately, and to the stone-mason who had put up the cross to her memory, and that was all she could do for him, she was sorry to say; but it had been a terrible trouble and trial and loss to her, he might believe."

He has neither heart nor consideration for anybody's trouble now.

His one object is to find her grave, to hear how his darling had died.

This he soon learns from the doctor and the artist in mortuary works, and when at last he stands by her grave and reads the brief inscription that tells who is lying beneath the still unfurled sod, his cup is full to overflowing, and he knows that he has loved this woman as he can never love again.

And all this time nothing can be learnt of Britton.

The faithful and devoted waiting-maid has disappeared together with the jewels and all the rest of Gladys' personal belongings as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her.

It is in vain that Florence Dumorest advertises Britton's personal appearance at full length, and offers large rewards to anybody who can give tidings as to her whereabouts.

She has been and is not; that is all that they can ascertain.

Gladys, calmly resting beneath the sod, is not more utterly lost to sight and them than is this faithless woman who will not give Arch the comfort of hearing that his dead wife died thinking of him, perhaps even speaking of him kindly.

More hopeless and heart-sore than ever now he gives up the quest at last and returns to his home that has lost every charm for him. And here he buries himself, sorrowing for Gladys with a bitterness of sorrow that puzzles everybody who knows how she has worried and perplexed him often during their brief married life.

Ah! if only the dead could come back and be forgiven, and if only the living could bear in mind that the ones they love and harass most may die soon, what a different world it would be!

The few traces left of Gladys' short sojourn at Friars Court consist of her portrait (a life-like likeness of her) by Dumorest, her favourite mare, and the mastiff Vengeance.

(To be Continued.)

SCIENCE.

WHEAT ANALYSIS.

THE following is an analysis by Boussingault, the celebrated French chemist, on the ashes of wheat. Fifteen hundred pounds of wheat having been reduced to ashes, and subsequently weighed, there was found to be thirty-three pounds of ashes, which on analysis yielded the following substances:

Phosphoric acid.....	15.51
Sulphuric acid.....	0.33
Chlorine.....	trace
Lime.....	0.95
Magnesia.....	5.25
Potash.....	9.73
Soda.....	trace
Silica.....	0.44
Moisture and loss.....	0.79

Total..... 33.00

There is no better way to test wheat than to grind it into flour, and turn this flour into bread. An analysis, therefore, of good sound bread will doubtless prove interesting:

Water.....	32.5
Gluten and nitrogenous substances.....	8.8
Modified starch, sugar, gum, &c.....	57.6
Mineral salts.....	1.1

Total..... 100.0

The small proportion of mineral constituents in this analysis is due to the absence of bran in the flour with which the bread examined was made. The nutritive properties of bran are little known to the general public. We know that gluten is the chief constituent of nourishing bread, and also that mineral matter is necessary to our system, and we find too often that bran is richer in both gluten and mineral constituents than flour itself, as shown by the following analysis:

	Wheaten flour.	Bran.
Gluten.....	11.46	13.80
Starch.....	73.52	53.20
Oil.....	0.00	2.50
Woody fibre.....	0.68	11.50
Mineral matters.....	0.84	6.14
Water.....	15.30	12.86

Totals..... 100.00 100.00

Of course this is caused by defective grinding, the larger part of the gluten escaping into the bran, the very thing that should be guarded against—the presence of 11.00 of woody fibre is certainly much against its being retained in wheaten flour for the purpose of bread making, and it is a matter of congratulation not only to the consumer, but miller as well, that means have been devised for separating the greater part of this woody fibre from bran, and thus rendering the latter available for more general use.

TWO NEW PLANETS.—Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, has recently announced the discovery by Professor Peters, of Clinton, of a star of the tenth magnitude,

hitherto unknown, in 10h 43m. right ascension, 11° 50' north declination, with a daily motion north. This planet, discovered February 4, will carry the number 180, and its discoverer proposes for it the name of Eunike, in commemoration of the glorious victories won by the Russian armies in their strife for humanity. Professor Henry, a few days later, reported that Professor Pöerster, of Berlin, had announced the discovery of Balisa (February 7) of a planet of the eleventh magnitude in 11h. 2m. right ascension, 6° north declination, with a daily motion of 8m. north.

LOCOMOTIVES.—Mr. Price Williams lately gave some interesting data as to the power, performance, and consumption of coals of all the locomotives combined within the United Kingdom, and as an illustration of the extraordinary development of power, remarked that whereas originally it was only attempted to ascend the very slightest incline, the goods engine used on the Great Northern Railway had now sufficient power to just move up a gradient of 1 in 14; and these engines, when travelling at 30 miles an hour, developed 700 horse power. The number of locomotives in the United Kingdom were estimated by Mr. Williams at 12,994. They drew annually 205,600,000 tons weight of goods, 309,000,000 tons weight of carriages, and 530,000,000 passengers. The coal consumed he estimated at the enormous amount of 1,204,206 tons for passenger traffic, 1,924,000 tons for goods traffic, forming a total of 3,128,206 tons.

HOW THE PHONOGRAPH CAME TO BE INVENTED.—An English patent of last year, taken out by Mr. Edison, clearly shows that his mind was being prepared for the conception of the phonograph. In that patent he describes a means of recording ordinary telegraph signals by a chisel-shaped stylus indenting a sheet of paper, enveloping a cylinder or plate, along the line of a groove cut in the surface of the latter. These indented marks were to be capable of re-transmitting the message automatically over another wire if required. Here then was the soil prepared, and the vibrating disk of the telephone was the seed needful to germinate the phonograph. That seed was dropped into it by accident. "How did you discover the principle?" asked a newspaper reporter of Mr. Edison. "By the merest accident," replied the professor. "I was singing to the mouthpiece of a telephone, when the vibrations of the voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me to thinking; if I could record the actions of the point and send the point over the same surface afterwards, I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I tried the experiment first on a strip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the words 'Hallo! halloo' into the mouthpiece, ran the paper back over the steel point, and heard a faint 'Hallo! halloo' in return. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions, telling them what I had discovered. They laughed at me. That's the whole story. The machine came through the pricking of a finger."

A TALK ABOUT FLOWERS.

THE poorest mechanic, able to pay the rent of a four-roomed house, can, if he choose, have one little spot devoted to flowers. Back of innumerable humble tenements lies the small yard, so cheaply and easily transformed into a bower of beauty. True, there are some difficulties in the way, but floriculture under difficulties is a triumph. Until the trial has been made, no one knows what magical effects may be produced by a judicious feeding-up of poor soil, or the dropping of a seed into fine sifted, rich earth in a broken pitcher.

To be sure, it's a grand thing to have a half-acre of ground about the premises, and there is a charm, by no means to be despised in such floral millinery as was on exhibition in the Park last summer; yet, for all that, the adage, "Cut

your garment according to your cloth," may be successfully adapted to flower culture. And I guarantee a far more satisfactory result. For the scrimped pattern of cloth may make a sorry garment, while the smallest floral success is a subject for congratulation, if it is only a pansy face smiling under its purple hood.

Up a narrow court, running east from the city, summer after summer, I have seen, and rejoiced over, a splendid specimen of what may be done in the way of gardening under difficulties. I never visited the place, do not know a single individual living there, yet, in the flower-season I look for the out-blossoming up that blind alley as for a friendly face.

For a variety of reasons, all of which were named in a former article, bushes, or wholesale growths of any description, are undesirable for a city garden. Blossoms that smile through the sunshiny months, then sleep in their seed-cradles during the winter, yield by far the most pleasure.

If, good housewife, you have little time, and less disposition, for the cultivation of flowers, plant some little self-sowing seed and secure a blossom-braided sod from year to year. If your yard is sunny, seek sun lovers; if shady, damp, get fern-roots, and let them cover the sodden earth with their green veils.

A COTTAGE WATER-FILTER.

Those who cannot afford to buy a filter may easily make one. Stuff a piece of sponge in a hole of a flower-pot, place above this a layer of pebbles, then a layer of coarse sand, and above this a layer of pounded charcoal three or four inches in depth. Another layer of pebbles should be placed above the charcoal to prevent it from being stirred up when the water is poured in. The contents of the flower-pot should be occasionally renewed. But by a small addition to this a cottage filter may be made which, for practical use, is quite equal to the most expensive filter of corresponding size.

It consists of two flower-pots, one above the other, the lower one fitted with a sponge and filtering layers above described, and the upper one with a sponge only. The upper pot should be the largest, and if the lower one is strong the upper one may stand on it, or a piece of wood with a hole to receive the upper pot may rest on the brim of the lower one. The two pots thus arranged are placed upon a three-legged stool with a hole in it, through which the projecting part of the lower sponge passes, and the water drops into a jug placed below.

The upper pot serves as a reservoir, and the sponge stops the coarser impurities, and thus the filtering layers of the lower one may be used for two or three years without being renewed if the upper sponge be occasionally cleaned. Care must be taken to wedge in the upper sponge tightly enough to prevent the water passing through the upper pot more rapidly than it can filter through the lower one.

COLOURS FROM COAL.

PROFESSOR ARMSTRONG delivered a lecture lately at the London Institution, during which he showed how that coal tar is collected from which such beautiful colours for dyeing are now obtained. In an historic sketch it was shown that a colouring matter was obtained by different chemists from different sources, coal tar among them, which was afterwards found to have in each case the same chemical composition. As indigo, called by the Portuguese anil, was one of the sources, this colour-yielding compound was called aniline. It was soon found that though aniline was yielded from coal tar in but small quantities, benzole was yielded plentifully, and that by the addition of nitric acid nitro-benzol was formed, which when submitted to the action of reducing agents, was converted into aniline.

From this aniline we have dyes of violets,

reds, yellow, green, blue, and many newly-discovered shades. Professor Hofmann in his report on the chemical products at the 1862 Exhibition said that England might before long send her coal-derived blues to indigo-growing India, her tar-distilled crimson to cochineal-producing Mexico, and her fossil substitutes for quercitron and safflower to China, Japan, and the other countries whence these articles are derived.

Unfortunately Germany and France are fulfilling the prediction, but not England. The reason arises from the scarcity of skilled chemists. In England there is no school where instruction is given in the particular kind of chemical work that is required. This result Professor Armstrong attributed partly to the indifference of our universities to the practical wants of the country.

DEBIT OR CREDIT.

"THE world a living owes to me,"

The Idler said, with lazy yawn;

And so he indolently spent

The weary days from dawn till dawn.

He had a genius for repose,

And, proud of his ancestral tree,

Said loftily—between each dose—

"The world a living owes to me!"

He'd youth and health and strength

—enough

To stand amid the sons of toil,

But with the dirt of honest work

His dainty hands he would not soil.

The world dishonoured his demands,

For him declared no dividends,

And so he lived on charity,

And died indebted to his friends:

"The world a living owes to me,"

Another said, "and I must get

From her rich coffers all I need

To liquidate my every debt.

For mother earth no fortune gives

To him who neither digs nor delves,

And I have found it gospel sound—

"The Lord helps those who help themselves."

With eager heart he entered in

The world's arena, for the strife,

And unto deeds of nobleness,

He pledged his honour and his life.

And so he won the prize—success—

And when in death his eyes grew dim,

An honest and a virtuous man,

He left the world in debt to him.

L. P.

ENTER BORE.

Oh, walk in, do! Of course, one must be glad to see you! Ten o'clock in the morning is just the proper time to call. Nobody ever has anything to do at that hour. Sit down, I beg. Oh, certainly, no interruption! The girl can just as well stop dusting the parlour as not. Everything can stop while you talk. Not that you have anything to tell, anything to ask, only you must let your tongue go, and I suppose less conscientious people have sent down word they were "out." Conscience is a great annoyance occasionally. I'm "in"—yes, indeed, I am in for it!

Tick—tack—tick—tack! the clock keeps time to your tongue. There go my golden moments. If I had any friendship for you, or you for me, I should not consider them lost; but what do we care for each other? If it had been my funeral instead of Mrs. Smith's that you attended yesterday you'd tell it was "sad" in just the same way you tell me now, and would be just as light-hearted.

If you came to see me because you loved me

I should love you for coming; but in your rapid soul there is no true feeling. You love nobody. You have nothing serious in your life. It is only a little butterfly flutter in a parterre of ribbons and scandal. You toil not, neither do you spin. Love, hate, indignation, broad charity, friendship, a liberal consideration of any subject, is impossible to you.

I know that were I under the pressure of any trouble, and you knew it, it would serve you for gossip. That if I were to speak frankly and truly of many things, I should be "so queer." Inane chatter, much talk and no thought are what you require. Well, I think you will get what you expect to-day, for your presence makes an idiot of me. No matter for the work, I can do that afterwards, whatever it may be.

Talk on, fan yourself, simper. There are others of your kind, of the opposite sex, at this moment sitting in the offices of long enduring editors, or holding the button-holes of busy doctors while they utter platitudes, or tormenting their pastor in his study, with the sermon and the address to the A. B. C. Society still in embryo.

There are plenty of you. I'm not the only one who suffers.

Of course I don't say all this aloud. I maintain a degree of courtesy, and remark, "Ah!" "Indeed!" and "I am happy to hear it," at intervals; and so the sands in the hour-glass slip, until, if I were a despot, I fancy I should find myself ordering my myrmidons to carry this blessed bore "to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat," and there do what they pleased with her. As it is, I only say "good afternoon" rather promptly when, long after luncheon has been partaken of, she rises to depart.

TREATMENT OF SLEEPLESSNESS.

DR. AINSLIE HOLLIS contributes some excellent hints on the treatment of wakefulness to the practitioner. He classifies the treatment under two heads, first the induction of natural sleep, and secondly the production of narcosis or artificial rest. The application of mustard plaisters to the abdomen generally brings about the first result, producing, according to Schuler, first dilatation, and subsequently contraction of the vessels of the pia mater.

Dr. Pleyer, of Jena, on the supposition that sleep may be induced by the introduction of the fatigue products of the body, advocates the administration of a solution of lactate of soda. When the sleeplessness is the result of brain exhaustion Dr. Hollis advocates a tumbler of hot claret negus.

The alkalies and alkaline earths are useful when acid dyspepsia is associated with the insomnia. In hot weather, sprinkling the floor of the sleeping apartment with water lessens the irritant properties of the air, adding much to the comfort of the sleepers; possibly the quantity of ozone is at the same time increased. When sleep is broken by severe pain, opium or morphia is of value, bringing not only relief, but producing anaemia of the cerebral vessels; when neuralgia is the cause, an injection of morphia under the skin near the branch of the affected nerve will have more effect than by administering it by the mouth.

Again, when wakefulness is due to defective cardiac power, digitalis may be useful. Chloral hydrate is supposed to owe its hypnotic effect to its power of diminishing the amount of blood in the brain, and therefore it may be used when sleeplessness arises from the pains of muscular spasm. The bromides, although undoubtedly sedatives, possess very doubtful hypnotic properties.

THE Queen is expected shortly to inspect the troops at Woolwich. Her Majesty has not visited the garrison for twenty-two years, the last occasion being the 13th of March, 1856.



[IN HIS DEFENCE.]

THE WHISPERS OF NORMAN CHASE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Let me have
A dram of poison.

A POST-CHAISE was rolling along the great western road of England, containing a solitary traveller.

The speed was not extraordinary, but the man inside the carriage appeared ill at ease, continually putting his head out of the window to look behind.

It seemed to exasperate him greatly when, at one post-town, he found he should have to remain all night.

The inn, however, was a comfortable one, and, as he felt half-starved, it was some compensation, after seeing his portmanteaus safely locked in a room on the first floor, to be seated before a blazing fire, with an excellent supper and a bottle of wine on the table.

There were not many people in the public room—a few commercial travellers, whose talk was of the dreariest, though broken by volleys of inane laughter; a skipper or two, who had ventured a hundred miles or so inland, and was making his way leisurely back to Bristol; and a white-headed man who evidently avoided all the others, and concentrated his attention upon a small yellow valise which he had deposited upon a seat next to his own.

The traveller who had arrived in the post-chaise could not help noticing how this person fidgetted over his valise, kept constantly looking at it, as if reading the name inscribed on it, shifted its position, and, in fact, made himself conspicuous by his anxiety for an apparently commonplace article of travelling luggage.

The man of the post-chaise, however, fancied he had seen this same individual more than

once coming along the great west of England road with himself, though in a less lordly vehicle.

Presently the landlord entered, went up to the white-haired traveller, and made a number of signs.

As if startled out of his caution, he rose and went out into the passage.

The curiosity of the post-chaise gentleman could not be restrained.

He quietly rose and pretending to pass in the same direction, read the name and address on the travelling bag—

"MISS AUGUSTA FAIRLEIGH, BATH."

Amazement unspeakable, delight hardly to be controlled, were depicted on the countenance of Mr. Anthony Maxwell.

On the following morning, his post-chaise stood, with four powerful roans harnessed to it, at the door.

Mr. Anthony Maxwell, whose grandest experience of locomotion had hitherto been some broken-sprung or fever-bearing cabriolet, surveyed the equipage with all the pride of a parvenu.

In the porch was the white-headed man, wringing his hands, with a pitiable expression on his face.

"Gentleman's missed the stage, sir," said the landlord; "wants badly to go on."

A golden opportunity in the sight of Anthony Maxwell, which it scarcely needed Boniface's hint to take advantage of.

"Sir," he said, addressing the stranger, courteously, though a little pompously, "I am told that you have missed your conveyance. I believe your destination to be Bath. So is mine. Will you favour me by accepting a seat in my carriage?"

The white-haired one gesticulated violently with his lips and fingers, and turned appealingly to the landlord.

"Gentleman's deaf and dumb, sir," interposed that worthy, replying to the mute in his own language. "Says he's very grateful, and

will accept, if you are sure it will be no inconvenience."

"Pride, pleasure, 'm sure," said the triumphant Anthony, already aping the antics of certain young money-borrowers among his acquaintance.

Here was a chance. He was provided with a deaf and silent guide to the very scene of action, a guide who would not even interrupt his soliloquies—for Mr. Anthony Maxwell was rather in the habit of talking to himself, when either angry or elated in any extraordinary degree.

So he paid his bill, left a pleasant memory of himself among the servants of the inn, played the part of Sir Charles Grandison as well as he could while bowing the speechless stranger into the vehicle, waved a grand salute around to places where people were standing, and to places where there were no people at all, and started with a fiery striking of hoofs upon the stones, a rattle of harness, and various well-managed swayings of the post boys in their saddles, all of which intensely delighted him, as leaning back in lordly state he felt himself every inch a gentleman.

"Now for it!" he said, aloud, more loudly, indeed, than if he had been actually speaking to some one. "There is the choice for you, my dainty lady—myself, or a kiss which you will like even less than mine."

Instinctively he looked at his companion. The man was staring through the front window, as if he had discovered a problem worth working out in the bobbing up and down of the sixty-years-old boy in the saddle.

It would be a mistake to imagine that Miss Constance Hope was a Lucretia, who would have poisoned Augusta Fairleigh right out of her way, although her visions of revenge had been so tragic.

In the first frenzy of that madness called jealousy, prompted by that other madness called love, there can be no prophesying to what

desperate act this double passion might have tempted her: but though the morning found her not one whit less vindictive, it had brought her back to the world of womanly common-sense.

Not that she would have felt the least scruple in another age as to burying her rival alive, after the fashion of certain Indian princesses; but she had no fancy for figuring as a murderess, and thought, moreover, that the modern engines of cruelty, if more refined, were scarcely less malignant than the medieval.

A novelist, whose hero is a highwayman, makes this apology for him:

"His is a Cumberland family, and he has got a touch of the old blood about him. Carry him two centuries back, and put a spear into his hand, and you have a border knight."

In the case of Constance Hope, the process would have been inverted.

Carry her two centuries back, and there would have been a seventeenth century poisoner, instead of a nineteenth century "woman scorned," willing to speak daggers, but without the slightest intention of using any.

It was she, indeed, who had been poisoned. The asp had stung her bosom and filled it with fire.

That Augusta Fairleigh should be punished was her fixed resolve.

The only way of punishment was to degrade her in the sight of him whom she loved.

Long, in the calm of the morning, she meditated. At length her meditations took a decided turn.

But, with a strange perversity, she recoiled from every plan that might possibly have implicated the man who, according to her galled imagination, had insulted her.

Thus, one evening, amid the quietude of a West-end reception, she heard his name mentioned.

There was a group, composed of two or three young officers and a very handsome girl, who had herself been suspected of a liking for Stanley Hope, whether on his own account, or that of his anticipated coronet, matters little.

"Hope fought shy, I hear," said one.

"Dooed idiot!" lazily ejaculated another.

"I wish I had had his chance. Promotion is going like wildfire out there, I'm told."

"Ah, but Stanley's very fond of his skin," drawled a third.

Constance heard all this, and was silent. But when the handsome young girl chimed in, saying:

"Mr. Stanley Hope was never famous for nerve—"

She darted in her interruption.

"It cost Mr. Stanley Hope more courage, Miss Waverley, to resign his commission than it would have cost him to go through fifty campaigns."

"Oh!" said the other, with mocking suavity, "then perhaps you know his reason for being so safe in England, when his brother officers are going to fight in India."

"Yes, I do know it. It is the most powerful that could actuate a brave and honourable man."

"Yourself, perhaps," said the graceful Miss Waverley, discharging this shaft in Parthian manner over her white shoulder as she tossed her head and turned away.

Had Stanley Hope heard his vindication by his cousin he must have been grateful. He must even have been grieved at a love which he had not sought, and could not accept, but which was yet so faithful to him.

But it was no part of Constance Hope's design to promote his happiness, though she might defend his character.

He must come, she knew, once more to the Mountcastle mansion before leaving town, and she resolved, while leaving something for him to think of, to be absent when he came.

An accident favoured her scheme.

Among the servants whom Mr. Mathew Drake had discharged from Norman Chase was a woman whom, had he known more of her disposition, he might have thought it worth

while to retain upon the remodelled establishment.

This woman, Charlotte Cooper by name, would have had two recommendations in his sight; she hated Evelyn Hedley, and she hated Augusta Fairleigh; the first because she had caught her spying at Sir Norman's door, the latter because she had refused, with asperity, to take into service a girl whom she knew to be a tale-bearer, and, in her miserably small way, an intriguer.

The merits, however, which Mr. Mathew Drake had overlooked in Charlotte Cooper, Miss Constance Hope, having engaged that useful young person as lady's maid—upon the strength of her former position at the Chase—had discovered.

From being inquisitive towards her maid, Constance became, all at once, singularly gracious.

"How long were you at Norman Chase, Charlotte?" she asked, one night, while the eager Abigail was undoing the dark tresses of her hair, and disengaging from them a coil of pearls that contrasted beautifully with the jet gloss of that natural crown.

"A year, my lady,"—a style which the maid affected, and which the mistress did not dislike.

"You were there at the time of the—of that—that dreadful event?"

"Yes, my lady, and they do say that Miss Evelyn, she knew all about it."

This was not what Miss Hope wanted to talk about, so she gave no answer.

"Miss Fairleigh was there at the time?" she again made inquiry, after a considerable pause.

"Yes, miss."

Charlotte Cooper saw that her young mistress was pursuing an object, and waited for her cue.

"Did Miss Fairleigh ever speak about it?" "Never, miss. She always seemed frightened when it was mentioned."

Constance listened, without speaking. She knew that her handmaid's nice appreciation of malice in every shade would lead to the desired point.

"And I shouldn't wonder, my lady, if that wasn't one of Miss Fairleigh's reasons for going away, though how, after getting so talked about as to Mr. Hope, she could run off with someone else is more than I can understand."

This, be it understood, was but the climax of the woman's venomous tittle-tattle. It would be an intolerable task to follow her through all the windings of her vulgar backbiting.

Charlotte Cooper was the incarnation of ingratitude, and, without having heard of it, she acted upon the Roman maxim of hating both those who have benefitted you and those whom you have injured.

"Run away with someone else?" suddenly asked Miss Constance Hope. "You are dreaming."

"Oh, no, miss—my lady. I was in the keeper's lodge, and saw them pass—Miss Augusta, a man wrapped in a cloak, who held her by the hand, and a woman. I have never said a word about it until now."

"You did not recognise him?"

"Not from Adam."

Constance dismissed her maid, and reflected upon what she had heard.

Not for a moment did she doubt the purity of the young girl upon whose ruin her heart was set.

But here was a story to be told, and she was the one to tell it, with pitying reluctance.

Her mind was changed. She would see Mr. Stanley Hope when he came to make his adieux.

That happened on the next day, and Lady Mountcastle, diplomatizing once more, to her own intense satisfaction, left "the young people" alone.

Stanley felt considerable embarrassment. He need not have felt anything of the kind. Constance appeared in brilliant good humour with her cousin.

"When are you off on your romantic search?" she gaily asked.

He knew what she meant, but pretended not to.

"Why, after your Augusta? It would be a thousand pities if they were married before you could interfere."

"They? Married? Who?" he exclaimed.

"What do you mean, Constance?"

"Of course, a young lady does not elope with a gentleman without some such idea in view, I suppose. But mind, there was a young woman to bear them company, and play propriety until the great North Road ended in Gretna Green. Stanley, I am named of you. Where was the post-chaise in hot pursuit? Where were the pistols, to shoot the off-leader, according to the rule, in novels? Too late now, Stanley, I am afraid. But you look unlike yourself. Seriously, my dear cousin, this is what I have heard."

And she retold Charlotte Cooper's infamous tale, elaborated into a distinct narrative with all the vindictive ingenuity that her jealous heart-rankings could suggest.

Had Evelyn been present, she might have reminded him of his own words; that the day might be blacker than night with calumnies of his love, and he would still believe in her. But did he remember them for himself?

Of course not, no man ever does. He was white with anger, and Constance saw it.

"What shall you do, Stanley?" she asked, with exasperating sweetness, trifling the while with a flower.

"Go mad, I think," he answered. "But I will try to save her. There must be some villany in this, I am certain. Did this woman, this Charlotte, follow them?"

"You can ask her. I don't know. Now I must say good-bye, Stanley, you want a little talk with your aunt, I suppose. I hope you will be in time to stop the blacksmith."

With which further proof were it necessary, that little wisp of large stings, Miss Constance Hope frowned herself out of the room.

Amid all his cowardice of doubt, Stanley Hope still clung to the thought that Augusta Fairleigh might have been ensnared in some manner, away from her home, and become an unwilling actor in a play whose action was principally carried on behind the scenes.

He sent for Charlotte Cooper. That young person was only too eager to tell all she knew, and a good deal more.

Had she heard anything of the road by which the fugitives were to travel?

Yes, Bath was mentioned. Not any place in the North? No, the West of England stage.

Not a syllable of which was true. But Stanley Hope was more than ever perplexed. What could Augusta Fairleigh be doing in the West of England?

If she intended to marry, why an elopement? Was she not absolutely her own mistress? From what and from whom could she be running away?

Ah, could he have known? Could he have known how that young heart was pining for his protection, yearning for his sympathy? He would not have been the ungrateful sceptic that he must have appeared, in his better moments, even to himself. All this he thought over, again and again, travelling westward.

For, he who fancied himself upon the track of the fugitive girl, with one fell purpose in his mind—to bind her to him, and his crimes by a forced marriage, such as was possible at that time, or to silence her in death, was nearing the end of his journey.

Arrived at Bath, he signed to his mute companion, as they alighted at an hotel.

The man evinced his gratitude by a gesture, just as Friday might have done to Robinson Crusoe.

He seemed, however, in no hurry to go upon his errand to Augusta Fairleigh, and Mr. Anthony Maxwell, after they had enjoyed a good dinner together, of which the lawyer was the host, left him in the placidity of sound repose, while he went out on some rather curious business.

Now it seems essential to romance that a purveyor of deadly poisons should inhabit, in a

mouldy old house, a room containing a stuffed alligator, sundry Venetian masks of fantastic form, a skull, a skeleton, and an open book, revealing cabalistic legends.

That may have been true in the darker ages of history.

But the most accomplished dealer in this kind of death, known to our more enlightened times, was a gentleman, who, instead of a richly embroidered robe and oriental cap, wore sporting attire, polished boots, and lavender gloves, and he understood his business better than all the Balthazars who ever dealt in drugs at Venice.

To such a one went Mr. Anthony Maxwell, and the two gentlemen were not long in understanding each the other.

Their bargain, however, was struck in the most innocent language conceivable.

"Extreme nervousness, I understand, you say," recapitulated the chemist, "total want of sleep, great depression, morbid fears? I could wish that you had consulted a medical man, but this will soothe—soothe."

"It must be used with care?"

"Quite so. With the utmost care. An ounce of that mixture would kill even a man."

On his way back to the hotel, Anthony Maxwell met the white-headed stranger, who nodded, smiled, and passed on.

With due caution, Mr. Maxwell turned and followed his footsteps.

They paused before a large edifice, standing at the back of an extensive garden. On a half-moon board, above a huge gateway, were the words:

"CLIFTON HOUSE; BOARD BY WEEK, MONTH, OR SEASON."

The dumb man entered.

His shadow entered also.

The dumb man went upstairs unquestioned. His shadow engaged apartments for a month, paying in advance.

The dumb man stopped at the door on the second landing, and knocked. It was opened by a graceful young girl, whom he affectionately kissed.

"I have him nicely, my darling," he said.

"Ah! it is quite a comfort to use one's voice again. But he is a more dangerous villain than I thought. You must be every instant on your guard. You are never to go downstairs; you must seem afraid of everyone. Look out of window, now and then, just so quickly that he may see there is a young girl in the room, and nothing more. You are an invalid. But no matter what medicine comes, don't take a drop of it, not a grain of it."

"Fling it away?"

"No; keep it; lock it up. If I don't give my gentleman a dose out of his own bottle, my dear, my name is not Gilbert Green."

"That dumb gentleman has forgotten his valise," said Mr. Anthony Maxwell, pointing to the little portmanteau addressed "Miss Fairleigh."

"So he has," the landlady replied. "Here, Thomas, take this up to number sixty-seven. Young lady's quite an invalid, sir; keeps her room, always."

"Has she a doctor? I am a medical man, myself; but there are plenty of them in Bath, I know," he added, as if afraid of trying to work his way too impatiently.

So, he watched; he saw, now and anon, the glimpse of a beautiful face and fair hair at the window, numbers sixty-seven. He saw the white-headed mute coming and going. He saw a manikin in a cocked hat bringing prescriptions for "Miss Fairleigh," and seeing all this, he sat in his room at past midnight, pondering.

The time was passing by. He had been at Clifton House a week, and nothing was done. At this rate nothing would be done at all.

"It's past their time," he muttered.

Presently a tap was heard at the door. He opened it quietly, but eagerly. To his disappointment, he saw only the dumb stranger, who stood, with an anxious look on his face. He

came in, and the lawyer could scarcely conceal his vexation. But he welcomed him, nevertheless, and looked at some wine upon the table.

"Or this?" he asked, as if the deaf man could hear him; but pointing at the same time to a spirit-stand.

Mr. Gilbert Green thought it quite as well to decline any draught that was pressed upon him by his quondam master.

He preferred the wine. There could be no danger in that, since he was, as it seemed, hardly welcome to it.

For once his caution over-reached itself. In less than a quarter of an hour he was lying senseless on the floor.

"That was not intended for you, my Christian friend," said Maxwell, with a laugh, "but it came in handy, and will last a good two hours. Where are those scoundrels? It is two o'clock."

Where had Stanley Hope lingered on the way that he was not near to give a fierce alarm when, in the silence of that night, three men, listening at every step, bore down a private staircase, into a stable-yard, the inanimate form of a young girl, placed it in a vehicle, and drove with it to a ruinous habitation at least two miles out of the town? Even Mr. Anthony Maxwell asked himself the question.

"This is very remiss on your part, Mr. Stanley Hope," he said, with exulting insolence, as he passed his hand over the soft tresses of the sleeping girl. "How will you look when I introduce you to my beautiful young wife?"

Covering her face, as he lifted her out of the carriage, not liking the curious glances of his two henchlings, he carried her into the house, and said to a woman by whom his arrival had evidently been expected:

"Take her to room at once. Give her something reviving. Tell her not to be frightened. No harm shall come to her. I will see her in the morning."

But when the morning came, Mr. Anthony Maxwell felt considerably abashed.

"How is the young lady?" he asked, when a tray was brought down from the room that had been allotted to his captive.

"Wonderfully well, sir; though I thought, at first, she must be hysterical, for she laughed so."

"It must have been hysterics," he reflected. "I hardly dare to see her. Ask her if she will see me," he said.

"She is coming herself to see you," said the woman, and a beautiful young girl, not laughing now, but pale and stern, descending the stairs, stood before him, and said:

"May I ask, sir, what was the meaning of last night's outrage? Who are you? And what have you to do with me?"

The word "speechless" would hardly describe his condition. "Senseless" would be better.

This was not Augusta Fairleigh, nor did he know who, under all the planets of Heaven, it was!

(To be Continued.)

FRIENDSHIP EXTRAORDINARY.

LAST spring Mr. W. Sinclair, of Cambray, Canada, caught a young crow before it could fly and brought it home, and it soon became quite tame. It struck up a warm friendship with a young hound belonging to Mr. Sinclair. The crow always was around with the hound, shared his meals, and slept in his box at night on the bottom, not seeking a perch unless they were disturbed during the night, when he would come out and fly up into one of the trees near by, and remain there till morning.

When given food it invariably took a portion to the hound. It did not give it to him at once, but would fly around above his head with a piece of meat or crust of bread in his bill, and keep teasing him with it, and then would finally let him have his share. But instinct began to be too powerful, and he concluded that he must go to other quarters for the winter, and it was amusing to see how he tried to coax the hound away with him.

He would fly away a little piece and then alight and caw to the dog; then he would fly back, and seemed in great distress because he could not induce his four-footed friend to go to warmer quarters for the winter; but finding he would not leave he at length flew off.

THE

INVISIBLE COMMODORE;

OR

THE SECRETS OF THE MILL.

CHAPTER X.

THE bewilderment of Governor Morrow, as he listened to the strange announcement of our hero, was too great for expression.

His first act was to survey the speaker.

Harry's face and form, like his manner, were all that was necessary to command instant and profound respect, and the governor at once realised that he was neither the sport of an illusion nor the object of a mystification.

"In Heaven's name, what do you mean, sir?" asked the governor, in a voice which showed how much he was puzzled by the scene upon which he had entered.

"Simply, your excellency, that I have the honour at last to report for duty," replied Harry, again smiling gravely. "I am Major Harry Clyde, the deputy governor of this colony."

The governor looked more astounded than before.

An undefined but keen consternation blanched his features.

He was evidently conscious of being face to face with a terrible and mysterious problem.

His gaze wandered wildly and inquiringly around him.

The night had been full of anxieties for Governor Morrow and his daughter. Neither had thought of retiring; their emotions were too many and excited.

After withdrawing to the library with Captain Chuddley, they had received a small number of friends, who expressed sympathy with them in the pain and disgrace of the governor's removal.

By midnight they were left to themselves, Captain Chuddley having returned to his ship, and long and anxious were the discussions and speculations that succeeded.

"It's clear enough, Essie, that we shall not leave any great number of mourners behind us," had observed the governor, bitterly, breaking a long silence. "The old proverb is true, you see: 'better a living donkey than a dead lion.' My administration must be regarded as a failure, since there are so few to regret that it is ended!"

"The remark is just, in a measure, dear father," had replied Miss Morrow. "But our one great misfortune, the failure of every effort against the pirates, has been brought about by circumstances beyond your control. We have had spies here we could not detect, and traitors we could not unearth. We have accordingly failed to accomplish what was expected of us. The pirates have kept the colony in constant agitation and danger. Numerous lives have been lost, as well as ships and fortunes. Of course, a scape-goat is needed, and we must pay the penalty of our position. But what need we care that there are so few to do us reverence? Are we not independent? Can we not live where we please? Let us spend the next two or three years in travel, and visit the countries we have so often wished to see, especially the Holy Land and Egypt!"

"We will do so, Essie," had declared the governor, brightening, and yet sighing. "There being so little in man to admire, let us contemplate the great things of nature!"

He had remained silent a few moments, giving attentive ear and eye to various sounds and movements around him, and then he had asked:

"Is it not strange that the new governor is filling the Government House and the garrison with so many people wholly unknown to me? And what do you think of his new deputy, and of that ignoble Lord Brighton?"

"What can I think, father, except that 'birds of a feather flock together?' The new governor and the new deputy are well worthy of each other. But little will it matter to us, dear father. We will sail at once in the 'Alliance' with Captain Chuddley, and soon be far away from all these annoyances."

"Yes, and far away from many a possible danger," had said Governor Morrow, continuing to watch and listen. "I have seen enough of the movements of the new governor to know that there is something dark and sinister about him!"

"True, father. And what if he should prevent us from leaving the island? He seems to me capable of any wickedness. I feel that his very promotion has been brought about by the most wicked of means. Evidently he is calling around him a perfect swarm of his creatures—a crowd of people even more devoted to him than hostile to us. May he not make us trouble? You know how often and persistently he has asked me to marry him, and how vexed he has been at my repeated refusal. Do you believe he will now allow me to slip through his fingers?"

"Why, how can he help himself?" had asked the governor, with a look that attested how new to him was this view of the case. "He is now high in power, to be sure, but is he not responsible to the home government? And is not his position too high to permit him to be capable of any such petty revenge or persecution as you have suggested?"

"Certainly, so far as publicity is concerned," had answered Essie, "but may he not act against us in secret? I am sure half the people who are flocking around him are as base and unscrupulous as he is himself!"

"He would not dare; besides, here are our friends, such men as Captain Chuddley, to defend us. No, no: we will soon be in safety beyond any possible persecutions from this man. Let us hope for the best."

Such was the conversation from which our hero had summoned the governor, and such were the thoughts and emotions under which the governor was labouring as he gazed inquiringly around, as related.

"Ah! Squire Merry!" he suddenly cried, his gaze encountering the magistrate. "You at least can come to my rescue," and the governor extended his hand. "Tell me the meaning of this singular puzzle."

"I shall take great pleasure in doing so," responded Squire Merry, shaking hands very cordially. "If your excellency is very sure of my identity, we can proceed from that point to the identity of those around us. Do you know Skipper Jack?"

At this query Skipper Jack advanced a few steps, presenting himself to the governor's notice, bowing profoundly, and smiling a very contented recognition.

"I ought to know him, seeing that he has been to the Government House scores of times," answered the governor, returning Jack's bow. "He can tell you, too, if he pleases, that I helped him to that little turtle in which he is now carrying on an inter-island trade with Antigua. Ah, Mr. Bokins, how do you do?"

This last remark was addressed to the old fisherman, who resided on the eastern shore, and who had often had his palm tickled with silver for many a fine fish he had brought to the Government House.

"Bravo! there are three of us here, then, it seems," exclaimed Squire Merry, as Governor Morrow shook hands with the honest fisherman—"three of us who are well known to your excellency, and from these known facts we may pass to the unknown without more ado. Here is your excellency's late deputy, for instance,

who shall have our present and particular attention."

And with this he indicated, light in hand, the figure and face of the false major, who, since the arrival of the party, had lain bound and writhing in the centre of the apartment, with his captured comrades in iniquity around him.

At sight of the ferocious and convulsed features upturned to his gaze, Governor Morrow recoiled in utter amazement.

"The major!" he cried. "And in such a fix as that?"

"That is to say, the man who has been figuring as your deputy for three years past," amended Squire Merry. "This man is not the real Major Clyde at all, but some unknown pirate—or possibly Captain Mallet himself."

And with this the magistrate hastened to relate all the events of the night, as well as all the facts of the situation, precisely as they have become known to the reader.

It was all Governor Morrow could do at first to credit the evidence of his senses. But gradually, as feature after feature of the false major's conduct was brought into notice, his excellency began to acquire a complete certainty concerning the giant fraud of which he had been the most prominent dupe, as well as one of the leading victims. The attempt of the false major to murder Tom Skeritt received due prominence in the magistrate's narration, and the old sailor himself was thus brought under the governor's notice.

"And thus your excellency will see," finished Squire Merry, "that we have all been the victims of a very extraordinary impostor. The man who has been figuring here as Major Clyde is some bold cut-throat whose real name is unknown to us, while the real major has been suffering worse things than death during all these years at the hands of the pirates."

The truth at last found its due recognition in the soul of Governor Morrow, and very hearty were the hand-shakings and congratulations with which he welcomed our hero to his post of duty.

His joy, indeed, at these unexpected discoveries was equalled only by his just anger at the impostor.

"Ungag him," ordered the governor, crisply, indicating the miscreant, now so fully unmasked. "Let us hear what he has to say for himself."

And the gag having been duly removed from the mouth of the impostor, the governor added:

"Speak up, sir! Let us have any light you have to offer."

The scowl of rage with which the prisoner turned a savage and murderous gaze upon his captors and the governor does not admit of easy description.

It was the look of a wild beast which still has a hope of tearing its victim. "I've nothing to say, Governor," answered the prisoner, with suppressed fury. "I care nothing for these men nor for you."

And turning his baleful eyes upon his fellow-prisoners, he addressed them as follows:

"Don't be uneasy, boys! These cattle will soon find out who is master."

This was evidently all he had to say; as to all further inquiries of the governor he gave no response whatever.

"Oh, very well," finally commented Governor Morrow. "Gag him again, and we'll send him to the lock-up. A few days of bread and water will tame him."

"Perhaps some of his 'boys' will be pleased to gain their freedom by telling us what they know about this man," suggested our hero. "In that case, prisoners, you shall have a chance to speak up quickly."

He passed from face to face, flashing the rays of a light upon them.

All were as hard and as stern as the face of their leader.

They had evidently modelled their conduct after that of the false major, and as visibly had faith in the few words of encouragement he had uttered.

"Well, every man to his taste," commented

Harry, when he had assured himself that none of the captured men had anything to say. "We'll look elsewhere for the desired information."

Governor Morrow had already summoned an officer of the household in whom he had implicit faith, and in another minute the prisoners were on their way to jail, under a strong escort.

"My head still reels with all these discoveries," said Governor Morrow, as he looked after the ruffians. "I hardly know whether I am awake or dreaming. If you will come with me, Major Clyde, I will tell my daughter and our friends all that has happened."

"We are already duly enlightened, dear father," interrupted the governor's daughter, as she emerged from the library. "I, of course, followed you, and have paid particular attention to all that has since been done and said."

A general presentation immediately followed, and a few moments were spent in the exchange of very cordial greetings.

It can easily be imagined with what emotions Essie Morrow gazed upon the real major, after the many disagreeable sieges to which she had been subjected by the impostor.

With the ready intuition which comes so naturally to her sex, she saw at a glance all the vast difference between the two men, and it is only just to say that she was as pleased with Harry as she had been disgusted with the intruder.

"You have heard everything, then, my dear child?" asked the governor.

"And also seen everything, which is the best reason for believing my dear father," was the reply. "But what a strange thing it is—what an imposition upon the government as well as upon us!"

"The governor was naturally of the same opinion."

"A thousand things are now plain to me, Major Clyde," pursued our heroine, addressing herself directly to our hero. "For instance: here is a letter I received last evening," and she picked up the missive from the table upon which the impostor had laid it. "As you will see, sir."

"Yes, yes, it is from my sister Florence," interrupted Harry, as he seized the letter at once. "What does the dear girl say? What has happened at home during all these long and terrible years? Excuse me, Miss Morrow."

And he plunged at once into the perusal of the letter.

"Oh, thank Heaven! They are all well!" he cried, when he had finished. "No wonder they are astonished at my silence! Why, I am one of the best correspondents in the world, Miss Morrow—with those I love," and he pressed the letter to his lips. "Poor Florence! if she could only have guessed at what has happened! If I had really been at my post, she would have received oceans of letters."

"I can well understand why the impostor has never written to your sister in his own handwriting," said Essie, whose eyes were moist with sympathy. "On the few occasions when he has written, he has taken good care to use some of us, pretending to be unable to wield the pen for himself. How you must have suffered, Major Clyde, during your awful imprisonment!"

"I should have suffered still more, Miss Morrow," answered Harry, taking her hand, and looking into her glorious eyes, in which had gathered the gentle mists of sympathy, "if I had known what sort of friends awaited my coming."

"And this is all you have to say about your captivity," murmured Essie, "to make it the basis of a very pretty compliment—for which, of course, I thank you."

"Yes, this is all," answered Harry, with a grave smile. "I have never doubted that I should escape from the pirates, nor have I ever repined at my destiny."

"You must have faith in yourself, then?"

"Yes, some faith in myself, of course—but more in the Great Ruler of all things," de-

clared Harry. "The triumphs of wickedness are rather accidental than eternal. The false major has had his day; I will have mine now."

"And we shall all pray that it may be a long one, major," said Governor Morrow. "But what am I thinking about? Will your excellency kindly permit me?"

And he placed in Harry's hand a formidable looking document.

"Why, what is this?" cried our hero.

"Your commission as governor of this colony," answered Governor Morrow. "It arrived last evening, and, of course, fell into the hands of your—predecessor! All I now do is to take it out of the pigeon-hole where he left it, and to place it in the hands for which it was destined."

"But what is the meaning of this measure?" asked Harry, as he glanced rapidly at the commission. "You are removed, I see, but why?"

"Simply because I have not been so successful in dealing with Mallet and his kind as I ought to have been," was the governor's answer.

"Successful?" cried Harry. "I should think not, sir, with that sort of man figuring here in my place! Why, every step you have taken in three years has been announced beforehand to the piratical brotherhood. Your foes have indeed been of your own household."

He was silent a few moments, considering the letter of instruction with which was accompanied the new commission, and then he said, thoughtfully:

"It seems to me, Governor, that there is only one course of action open to us. The government has been imposed upon—or it would not have removed you. The impostor has imposed upon the government, as well as upon everybody else—or he would not have secured a promotion over your head. In a word, these latest communications must not be taken into account. You are still the governor of this colony, Governor Morrow, and such you will remain as long as I have the honour to remain your deputy, into which position I shall at once enter by virtue of my original commission. Am I not right in this decision, Squire Merry?"

"Perfectly," answered the magistrate. "We must organise upon this footing until further advice from England. Is it not so, Skipper Jack?"

"Precisely so, sir," was the answer. "The new commission has been issued upon mistaken grounds, which we will hasten to remove by sending a report of the facts in the case to headquarters. Governor Morrow must hold over, and the real major must take his original post of deputy—until the whole muddle has been cleared up and passed upon by the home government!"

"So be it!" said the governor. "And now to take possession of our posts of duty!"

(To be Continued.)

CIRCULAR NOTES.

WONDERFULLY circumlocutory are the ways of diplomacy.

If A. wishes to give B. a bit of his mind, does he write direct to B. and give it to him? Oh, dear no! But he dresses up the bit of his mind with a great deal of superfluous diplomatic ceremony, and duly despatches it to C., who calls on D. and reads it to him, with the hope that he will send his recollections of the communication, not to B. but to E., who in turn will carry it to B.; unless, indeed, F. in the meanwhile get hold of it and submit it on his own responsibility to G., who will probably forget all about it; or, if he pass it on at all, will put it in the hands of H., and so on.

Does any one doubt this? Let him wade through a few Foreign Office Blue-books. Or, take a real example, and suppose that our foreign Minister wished to let the Czar know that Count Andrassy had expressed his opinion that the Congress could not be held without the with-

drawal of Russia's reservations. This, we think, judging by recent examples, would be the course adopted:

1. Count Andrassy would send a resumé of his opinions to Count Beust.

2. Count Beust would call on Lord Salisbury, and read him Count Andrassy's Note.

3. Lord Salisbury would send an account of his interview with Count Beust to Sir Henry Elliot, and request him to read it to Count Andrassy.

4. Sir Henry Elliot would do so, and retransmit the amended declaration to Lord Salisbury.

5. Lord Salisbury would forward a copy of this in a despatch to Lord Loftus.

6. Lord Loftus would call on Prince Gortschakoff, and read him Lord Salisbury's despatch.

7. Prince Gortschakoff would inform Count Schouvaloff of what had passed.

8. Count Schouvaloff would wait on Lord Salisbury, and read him what Prince Gortschakoff understood to be his (Lord S.'s) meaning.

9. Lord Salisbury would thereon enter into a full statement to Count Schouvaloff.

10. Count Schouvaloff would transmit this full opinion to Prince Gortschakoff, who would then probably let Ignatieff know all about it.

11. In the end the Czar would get to know what this, his pair of acute diplomatists, thought fit to tell him.

The wonder to us is, with such a system of Diplomacy, peace can ever be secured.—FUNNY FOLKS.

BEAUTY AND TERROR.

THOMAS STARR KING says the flowers of nature "do nothing to robe the globe in splendour in comparison with the rocks and snows of the uncultivated hills. God chooses the awful things to show off his tenderness. Is not this a theological fact and lesson as well as a fact of science? Indeed, the most tender influence that we are acquainted with in nature flows from the utmost desolation that we know anything about. I mean the full moonlight. How soft, how soothing, how kindly, how patient, how pitiful, it seems! Yet science tells us of nothing so blasted, so terrible, as the moon itself. Sahara on this globe is almost a garden to it. The sage-brush plains between the Sierra and Salt Lake are a conservatory contrast. There are pits in it nearly twenty thousand feet deep. There are mountains of scarred, scorched stone on it almost as high. There seems to be no water on its surface and no air swathing its frightful solitudes. One astronomer imagined that it was the hell of our planet. And yet perhaps its light is the more soft and tender to us because of this barrenness."

A FISH IN A FIX.—The wet dock at Arbroath was recently run dry for the purpose of ascertaining the state of the bottom. Among the mud was found a fish, tightly jammed in a bottle, and quite lively. The bottle was of clear glass, about eight inches long, with a wide neck, and the fish must have got in when quite small.

TALKING AT THE PLAY.

THE talkers at the play, talkers by habit and from choice, represent a form of social nuisance against which legislation is practically powerless. We know that de minimis non curat lex, and those who spoil our evening's entertainment at the play must behave worse than they do before we can actually interfere to put a stop to their selfish way of enjoying themselves,

If only they would interrupt the performers upon the stage they would doubtless become amenable to the law, and at the instigation of the acting manager they would not improbably be silenced or expelled. So, too, they would be stopped if they were caught picking pockets, or attempting to settle their little differences of opinion by a resort to blows. But so long as they confine themselves to irritating their neighbours by their audible whispers or by animated conversation carried on throughout the performance in a low tone of voice, they are safe from any check save that provided by an angry frown.

Ultimately they may succumb to the force of public opinion which must in the end decide the amount of deference to be paid to the feelings of others; but before petty selfishness of this kind is definitely recognised as a breach of good breeding and an intolerable sin against good manners, we shall, it is to be feared, have a long time to wait, and talking at the play will continue to flourish as a thoroughly objectionable fashion, but a fashion nevertheless.

The commonest type of talkers at the play is seen in the would-be man-about-town when he takes the conventional country cousin to a first night. This gentleman really regards his conversation as a sacred duty owed to his companion. He feels bound to prove how many acquaintances amongst theatrical people he has achieved by the aid of his membership of Bohemian clubs. From the actress in the box to the critic in the stalls he must be able to give a name and a condensed biography of everyone in the house who catches his eye, and his opportunities in this direction are increased by the fact that his auditor has no means of testing the accuracy of the information so volubly poured into his ear. His reputation is, he thinks, at stake, and gossip, either correct or incorrect, must be supplied.

So the lady's relation to her companion is incorrectly described, the journalist is allotted to a paper for which he never wrote in his life, and—a blunder much more important—malicious stories are told of an actress whose sister is seated well within earshot of the reckless speaker. Wonderful indeed would life behind the scenes be if it were anything like what it is described as being by the cicerone who knows everything; and if we were not too pained to have to hear his remarks at all, they would assuredly keep us well amused.

But there are also talkers whose talk is of nothing connected with the theatre or performance in it. Why they have come to the theatre at all it is impossible to guess, since they arrive there too late to understand what is going on upon the stage, and as likely as not they will stay out for a whole act smoking cigarettes and drinking brandy and soda. Arrived in their box—it is generally to a box that playgoers of this class go—they do not even pretend to take an interest in the play or the acting, but begin an animated discussion about the races they have recently left, or the game of billiards that they had after dinner, or the movement of Erie and Great Northern Deferred A. and South-Eastern A.

Perhaps the discussion grows vehement, since it is possible to grow excited over the pursuits of betting man and stockbroker; and then one result of the excitement is the great annoyance of all who can see and hear the inhabitants of the box. It is mostly after a heavy dinner that these worthies make their appearance, and the fact that they have been dining is generally very apparent. Their presence in the front of the box is always a blow to the performers, for it distracts the attention of all upon whose notice it is forced; and it is a slight upon the interest of the entertainment which cannot well be overlooked.

It is scarcely necessary to insist upon the selfishness and the direct madness of such behaviour as that indulged in by the various classes of talkers at the play. They may not mean to do much harm, any more than do the good people whose tongues are loosened at parties the moment the music begins. They are simply

too stupid or too careless to know what a nuisance they are, and comparatively few begin their conversation in deliberate defiance of the wishes of their neighbours.

The fact is, that folks who sit near these chatterboxes would do well if they would quietly remonstrate with the offenders on each occasion as it arises, when in nine cases out of ten the offence would cease. Assuming that the annoyance is not intended, it will be dropped the moment the sufferers protest; and much good would be done if those whose pleasure is thus spoilt for the idle gratification of others would at any rate give the culprits the opportunity of proving that their conduct was not intentionally subversive of the comfort of others.

SINNED AGAINST: NOT SINNING.

BY

MISS E. OWENS BLACKBURNE,

Now a Christian Contemporary.

CHAPTER LIX.

And wilt thou leave me thus
That hath loved thee so long?

OLD BALLAD.

ULRICA WARNER looked up questioningly at her visitor, who continued:

"I don't suppose you care particularly for your aunt and her family?"

Ulrica cordially disliked them.

Disliked the affected daughters and very nearly disliked their father and mother.

Nevertheless, she had determined to make use of them if she found it to be to her convenience to do so.

But she was wary enough not to tell this to Lady Pendleton, or, indeed, to anybody.

She was one of the wise ones of the earth. She kept her own counsel, and she never committed herself in writing or in any way in which her words could be brought up against her hereafter.

"Dear Lady Pendleton," she said, pathetically, at the same time calling up an expression upon her face which would have been a fortune to a melo-dramatic actress, "you know I have no relatives now in the world but them. I am so lonely—so friendless"—her voice quivered—"that my heart clings to them!"

Lady Pendleton had a shrewd suspicion that Ulrica Warner was acting, but she could not be certain.

Moreover, she had a point to gain, so she said:

"Now, Ulrica, my proposal is this: When Everil is married I shall want someone to come and live with me. Will you come and be my companion?"

"Dear Lady Pendleton! How kind you are!"

The proposal took Ulrica quite by surprise. She was unprepared for it.

She hated the idea of going to live with the vain old woman, but she was too cautious to refuse at once.

"Will you come, Ulrica?" she urged. "You know, if you are not married, you shall go up to London with me during the season, and we may, possibly, take a run over to Paris after Everil's wedding. I think you would be very comfortable, and I'll give fifty pounds a year."

"Will you let me think over the matter, dear Lady Pendleton?" she asked, hesitatingly. "Your kindness has taken me quite by surprise."

"You see, Ulrica," continued the old woman, "you have such good taste, and you are amiable enough to take such an interest in my personal appearance, that I look forward to your being of infinite use to me in designing costumes for me."

"I am sure I shall do my best, if I am fortunate enough to become your companion, dear Lady Pendleton."

"What is there to hinder you deciding at once, Ulrica?" demanded Lady Pendleton, sharply. "It's such an offer as you won't get every day."

"I am aware of that," she replied, meekly, "but"—a bright thought struck her as a means of gaining time—"I should not like to make any very decided move without first consulting my aunt and Uncle Welland."

"Well, I suppose it must be as you say," said the old lady, rising, and speaking in a rather disappointed tone, "only I wish you would decide soon and let me know."

"I shall first have to write to my aunt," replied Ulrica, decorously, "and hear what she and my uncle say."

"Then you had better come up to Pendleton Hall and let me know your decision," were the old lady's parting words.

"I have just been to see Ulrica Warner," said Lady Pendleton to Everil, as she sat refreshing herself with a cup of tea after her drive.

"Have you?"

Everil seemed to concentrate all her faculties on the selection of a suitable piece of sugar.

"Yes, and I think you ought to go and pay her a visit of condolence."

"I am heartily sorry to think we have lost old Mr. Warner, but I have no sympathy with his daughter."

"Ah! you are very cold-hearted, Everil. I sympathise with the poor thing. Poor Ulrica!"

"I have not the least objection to your doing so, grandmother."

"And I have offered her a home here," continued Lady Pendleton, benevolently, "whenever she likes to come."

"How nice for Ulrica!" ejaculated the incorrigible Everil. "What is she going to do for you in return? 'Make bonnets for you and alter your dresses?'"

"It is more than ever you did for me," exclaimed Lady Pendleton, gathering up her silks and laces and leaving the room.

After Lady Pendleton left her Ulrica Warner, as usual, sat down and thought over all that had passed between them.

She had not had the slightest intention of consulting her aunt and uncle upon the subject, merely intending to write and tell them of her change of plans.

She could not well have refused their offer—that she should come and live with them—for the present, and she had been obliged to accept, although she would fain have stayed at Pendleton.

Yes, at Pendleton.

In any place so long as it was in the vicinity of Leopold Ormiston.

As yet he had never called to see her, and her heart ached for a sight of him.

She heard of his having been at her father's funeral, but beyond that she knew nothing about him.

The woman was becoming desperate.

She felt that at any cost she must have sight and speech of him.

And she cast about in her mind for some way of achieving her desire.

It occurred to her.

There were sundry farming implements to be disposed of.

Why not make them an excuse to write to Leopold Ormiston about?

No sooner did the thought occur to her than she determined to put it into execution.

With trembling hands she seized her writing materials, and wrote as follows:

"THE RECTORY,

"Wednesday.

"DEAR MR. ORMISTON,—

"Existing circumstances must be my excuse for troubling you with this letter. Could you spare me a few minutes this evening? I want to consult you about disposing of the farming implements, and it occurs to me perhaps

you might be willing to take them yourself. Kindly let me have an answer by bearer,

"And believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"ULRICA WARNER."

She despatched it by Jane, and in the interval restlessly paced up and down the room.

She could not stay quiet, and even went so far as to change her dress and to put on a becoming mourning robe, heavily and handsomely trimmed with black crape.

A tap at her bedroom door, and Jane enters, bearing a note, which she hands to her mistress.

Ulrica's heart beats violently as she takes it from her hand and dismisses her.

She sinks down in a chair opposite the dressing-table, and is shocked at the ghastly appearance of her face.

With faltering, trembling fingers she opens the missive, and reads as follows:

"THE MANOR FARM,

"Wednesday.

"DEAR MISS WARNER,—

"I am perfectly acquainted with the farming implements you are anxious to dispose of, and I do not think they are any use to me, therefore I need not intrude upon you at this time. However, I know a man who has taken a farm some five miles from Pendleton, and I shall let him know you have the articles for sale. He may be disposed to make you an offer for them.

"With many thanks,

"I am, yours, &c.,

"LEOPOLD ORMISTON."

And that was all!

It was cruel and cold, she said to herself, as she sat gazing at it with a stony look in her eyes.

He had refused to come and see her!

He could not care for her, or he would only too willingly have seized the opportunity. It maddened her.

Instead of striking her down, in her present weak state, it seemed to put new energy into her, and she started up, exclaiming:

"My heavens! How can he slight such love as mine? I, who would die for him, if he would only give me one loving caress beforehand! Yet he prefers the memory of that pretty doll—a mere puppet—to me!"

She almost shrieked out the words, and, exhausted by her vehemence, sank down again into her chair.

Ulrica read the letter again.

The cold, conventional words seemed to burn into her brain.

"I will see him," she said to herself, in a determined manner; "I will see him, and I must see him! Let me manage it how I may, I am determined to see him and to speak to him. Ay, and to bring him to bay, too! To make him account for all he has said so ambiguously to me!"

But how to do it, that was the puzzle.

She would not be baffled, so she sat quietly and took counsel with herself.

Suddenly her eyes flashed and her cheeks paled with excitement.

The stratagem was a daring one to occur even to one so unscrupulous as Ulrica Warner.

But she reasoned that all was fair in love and war, and she determined to put her scheme into execution.

She unlocked the escritoire, and opening a little secret drawer, took from it a folded piece of paper.

It was the little note from Everil Vane to Leopold Ormiston, which she had purloined from the seat by the river-path.

She generally managed to turn everything to account, and now, she decided, was the time to use this.

She would send it to him.

He would think it came from Everil, and he would obey the summons.

"Jane," said Ulrica, as she entered the sitting-room, "bring me a cup of tea."

"Yes, miss."

"I feel so very much better this afternoon that I think I shall venture to take a little walk."

"Law, miss, I am glad!" exclaimed the delighted girl. "It's a lovely evening, miss, and you do look better, miss. Nearly like yourself again."

Having taken her tea, Ulrica placed the little note in an envelope, stamped it, and walked down to the post-office.

To no one else would she trust the precious document, and before sending it she pressed it to her lips.

As she passed through the gate the rose spray caught in her hair, as though to warn her and hinder her course.

Something of this flashed across her mind, but it did not turn her from her purpose.

CHAPTER LX.

And nothing is left of my foolish dream
But the wreck of my early love. Moon.

It was a daring act for Ulrica Warner to have done—to have sent that letter to Leopold Ormiston.

But it was only in keeping with the woman's whole character to do so.

And he, on his part, was unfeignedly surprised to receive it.

But as a summons from Everil, as he, of course, judged it to be, was law unto him, he determined to be at the old trying-place at the time appointed.

He went, and was the first there.

As he sat upon the familiar seat, and recalled all the strange events which had occurred since he had last sat there with Everil, he was all the more surprised at having received the missive, as they had agreed, when he saw her in London, not to attempt to meet when at Pendleton, for fear of suspicion being aroused.

Ulrica Warner was more than usually weak on the morning of the day upon which she had decided to take this step.

But she determined to bring the matter to a climax, and she therefore fortified herself with stimulants as well as she could.

Contrary to the advice of those about her, she would go out by herself for a walk in the afternoon.

It was the last day of August, a balmy, clear, early autumn day, and the warm, fresh air seemed to invigorate her as she walked along the river-path, and at length came in sight of the seat whereon sat Leopold Ormiston. But then her nerves gave way.

Her limbs tottered, and she had to go behind a tree and sit down to try and calm the beating of her heart.

She had seen him, but he had not seen her, and when she again felt comparatively composed enough to proceed on her way she was glad that his face was turned away from her.

"Mr. Ormiston!"

He gave a start, stood up quickly, and saw before him what looked like the wraith of Ulrica Warner.

For her face was sunken and colourless, and he could see how loosely her clothes hung upon her shrunken form.

"Miss Warner!" he exclaimed, in no little surprise. "I am indeed amazed to see you here. I had no idea you were well enough to have come so far. But you look tired. Will you not sit down?"

She did so, sinking on the seat from sheer fatigue and agitation, and unable to utter a word.

This man held the gamut of her nerves in his grasp, and could play upon them at his will.

"You have come here by appointment," she said, at length, gazing up at his goodly height, and her whole heart going out to him.

"How do you know?" he asked, quickly, and surprised into the admission of her question.

"Because"—Ulrica felt even her customary wariness deserting her, and for once, at least, she spoke to the point—"because it was I who sent it to you."

"Miss Warner"—the young man spoke in an almost angry tone—"I scarcely understand you."

"Yes," she replied, wearily but steadily. "There is no use in beating about the bush any longer. I was not sure whether or not you would grant me an interview, therefore I used that letter written by Everil Vane."

"And what right had you, or anyone else, to intercept any letter of Miss Vane's?"

Ulrica dropped her eyes from the steady, unflinching blaze of his gaze.

There was no use in beating about the bush any longer.

In her wretched, miserable heart she recognized that this man did not care for her in the very least.

Yet her mad, unreasoning passion destroyed and extinguished every spark of womanliness, and she started up, exclaiming, as she clasped her hands around his arm:

"Never mind how or when or where I got that little note of Everil Vane's. Leopold Ormiston, you have been treating me very curiously for some time past. You have said strange and ambiguous things to me, and you have alternately overjoyed and scarified my heart. Now, tell me, once for all, what you mean by doing so?"

Leopold Ormiston almost pitied this passionate woman who had thus lost all control over herself.

Her face was blanched with emotion.

Her eyes flashed, and he could feel the hands which clutched his arm tremble violently.

"Miss Warner," he said, at the same time disengaging her hands from his arm, "I am sorry to see you in this state. 'Sit down'—he placed her on the seat as he spoke—"and I merely beg of you to try and remember that I have not spoken either more strangely or more curiously than you have acted. I wish you good afternoon, and you ought to consider yourself very well treated, inasmuch as that I have not made further inquiry concerning that intercepted letter of Miss Vane's."

There was no hypocrisy about this man.

He spoke as he felt.

He could not pretend—now that Ulrica Warner had shown her hand so openly—to have any consideration for her.

He felt that the best and the kindest thing would be for him to leave her.

So he walked away, notwithstanding the piteous appeal of the wretched, misguided woman, who exclaimed, faintly:

"Leopold! Leopold! do not leave me! For heaven's sake say something kind to me! Only stay with me! Speak to me!"

He heard the tones, but not the words, and walked rapidly away.

Ulrica Warner sat there half stunned by this last blow, and the sun was very nearly going to illumine the underworld when she feebly arose and returned to the rectory.

Meanwhile, the preparations for the wedding progressed up at Pendleton Hall.

The old lady was in a state of unwonted excitement at the prospect of creating a sensation at the ceremony by her magnificent appearance.

The one who took matters the most indifferently of anyone there was the bride-elect herself.

Everil went about her daily occupations as quietly as though there was no talk of a wedding.

Her books, her drawing, her music, her pets, and her flowers all received the same attention as ever from her.

And if she sometimes looked pale and anxious yet an acute observer could not but notice a look of ineffable content which occasionally overspread her face.

"I don't know what's the matter with my lady," said Mrs. Turrell confidentially to the butler, two days before the wedding; "but her head shakes so queerly when I'm putting on her

hair, and she can't keep it quiet, and she makes most horrible faces and can't stop herself."

Everil Vane also noticed with dismay these strange and ominous signs of breaking-up in her grandmother.

The girl was acute enough to know that the artificial life the old lady had led must inevitably militate against her in the end.

She knew that the washes, and paints, and dyes, and pick-me-ups which Lady Pendleton had used consistently for so many years not unfrequently ended in paralysis in old age.

A doctor in London, with outspoken conscientiousness, had once told that to the old lady, who had thereupon dismissed him in a rage.

But he had explained the case to Everil, and told her to watch for the very symptoms which had lately begun to develop themselves.

The wedding presents began to pour in, Sir Percival Rossmore being lavish and gorgeous in the extreme.

Everil looked at and examined all the pretty things, but with a curious air, as though the boudoir were a bazaar, and the articles were merely there for sale.

Nothing would induce her to try on a single one of the ornaments with which she was presented.

And when Lady Pendleton sent for her to admire her in the diamonds and opals which Sir Percival, according to promise, had sent her, this eccentric young lady refused to obey the summons.

CHAPTER LXI.

All went merry as a marriage bell. Broom.

MELLOWING autumn has come, and is throwing her russet and crimson and yellow-streaked mantle over the land.

The stacks of corn have disappeared from field, valley, and upland, and are now housed for the winter under the sheltering thatch.

The long-legged turkeys and waddling geese disport themselves in the stubble, laying up upon themselves treasures of fat, which they know not who may gather, and it is Everil Vane's wedding day.

She is to be married by special licence in Pendleton Church by the new rector and by the Bishop of —, whom Sir Percival Rossmore has summoned from London for the occasion.

The church has been gaily decorated with flowers and greenery of all kinds, and the school children are drawn up at either side of the path, ready to strew flowers in the way.

Ulrica Warner was yet an inmate of the rectory.

Knowing she had been invited to the wedding, the rector had invited her to stay until all was over.

At first Ulrica half determined to accept Lady Pendleton's offer.

But then her health warned her that she was not equal to the fatigue, and, much to the dismay and disgust of the selfish old woman, she was therefore obliged to refuse.

Otherwise, Ulrica would have been staying at Pendleton Hall, and have come to the church with the wedding-party.

As it was, she accompanied the rector and the rector's sister to the church, where they awaited the arrival of the others.

The wedding was a grand piece of excitement for the whole neighbourhood.

The church was nearly full, and amongst those present were Leopold Ormiston and a strange gentleman.

The guests began to pour in, and presently Sir Percival Rossmore and his best man, Lord Spelsby, walked up the aisle, and the bridegroom took his place at the communion rails.

He looked older, more beaky, more undesirable than ever, and many were the unflattering comments passed upon his appearance, and expressions of wonderment were rife at the idea of beautiful Everil Vane being willing to become the wife of such a man.

A merry peal from the bells.

The organist commenced Mendelssohn's



[LOVE'S TERRORS.]

"Wedding March," and the party from Pendleton Hall entered the church.

Every eye was turned upon the stately bride, and no small amount of dissatisfaction was felt by the feminine members of the congregation at seeing how very simply she was dressed.

Everil wore a rich, flowing, dead white silk dress, with no trimming save some swan's-down at the throat and wrists.

Her only ornaments were a pearl cross and some exquisite real orange blossoms which were sent to her anonymously that morning.

A plain white tulle veil was fastened with a bunch of the same, and thus simply attired, Everil Vane stood before the altar.

"I require and charge you both," read the clergyman, "as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony ye do now confess it."

And so on to the end of the charge.

A commotion in the church.

The strange gentleman who was with Leopold Ormiston advanced, leading a woman.

Breaking through the wedding-party, he stood just behind the bride and bridegroom, and exclaimed, in a loud, clear voice:

"I forbid the ceremony to proceed. Sir Percival Rossmore has a wife still living, and here she is!"

The clergyman closed his book.

With a livid face, Sir Percival turned upon the speaker, and exclaimed:

"It is false! Will someone remove this man?"

But as he spoke two men advanced, saying:

"Sir Percival Dempster Rossmore, Baronet, I arrest you on a charge of bigamy."

Everyone was surprised at the calm demeanour of the bride.

There she stood, her eyes apparently looking into vacancy, and not the faintest sign of perturbation in her manner.

Some hurried explanations followed, and, to

the unfeigned amazement and horror of all present, the other man said:

"Ulrica Warner, I arrest you on the charge of attempting the life of Muriel, Lady Rossmore!"

The wretched woman gave one wild cry.

She saw her game was played out, and she sank senseless on the floor, whence she was carried into the vestry.

"Come, Everil, come away," said Lady Pendleton to her granddaughter.

To which she replied, in a distinct voice, audible to every one of the wedding-party:

"No, grandmother. I shall never put my foot in Pendleton Hall again. I am going to be married to-day to Leopold Ormiston."

And as she spoke he came up and stood by her side.

"There is the licence," he said, handing the document to the clergyman, who read it in a bewildered manner. "No one has a legal right to forbid the banns."

"Someone must give the bride away," suggested the clergyman. "I know I cannot refuse to marry you both."

"I have provided for that," replied Leopold Ormiston.

And at a sign from him Doctor Gordon came forward.

Everyone was taken by surprise.

No opposition was refused, and in a few minutes Leopold Ormiston and Everil Vane were pronounced man and wife.

Lady Pendleton had left the church as the second ceremony began.

But Nemesis had overtaken her, and she was carried from the carriage to her bed, stricken down with paralysis.

Leopold Ormiston took his lovely wife home to the Manor Farm, where they found the faithful Bessy Power awaiting them.

The wedding-party consisted of Barbara Finlay and Henry Garthside, Muriel—or Lady Rossmore, as we must now call her—Doctor Gordon, Miss and Mr. Vincent, and Mr. Jacox, the lawyer who had proved Muriel's claim.

In the evening the bride and bridegroom went quietly away to a pretty place in the Lake country, and there we must leave them for the present.

There is a terrible commotion in the neighbouring large town of Paxton the next morning, for it is discovered that Sir Percival Rossmore has poisoned himself.

He had always carried the poison about with him, and with the temerity of weak humanity, rushed to appear before a Heavenly judge as a means of escaping from an earthly one.

Preliminaries were speedily arranged, and the first news Leopold Ormiston and Everil heard upon their return was that Muriel had been restored to her rights, and was now the Lady of Rossmore.

A week afterwards and there was another—but much quieter—wedding at Pendleton Church, and Muriel, Lady Rossmore, was wedded to Henry Garthside.

Of Ulrica Warner little remains to be said.

Her state of health, both mentally and physically, rendered any proceedings against her impossible, and before many weeks had elapsed the doctors pronounced her to be an incurable lunatic.

So for many a year Everil Ormiston paid for the maintenance of her bitterest foe in the very asylum whence Lady Rossmore had escaped, until at last she died, unconscious to the end.

Lady Pendleton did not long survive, and as she died without making a will her property came to Everil, and the first money she received from this new acquisition was expended in part on a wedding-gown and a wedding-breakfast for Barbara Finlay, who wedded good Mr. Vincent.

And so all these true souls, at last happily united, and more "sinned against than sinning," went hand-in-hand down the valley of life together, thus proving the truth of the terse axiom:

"Thy ways shall find thee out."

[THE END.]



[A NOBLE HOST.]

THE MYSTERY OF RAVENSWALD: A TALE OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.

CHAPTER II.

*There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest dream.*

TANCRED, GRAND DUKE OF SWABIA, of the ancient and honourable house of Ravenswald, was a man in what should have been termed the very prime of life, being not more than eight-and-forty.

In fact, that was the number of his years, as the Lord Abbot of St. John's had it faithfully set down and authenticated.

For upon the ages of men in such positions as fate had assigned to the children of Ravenswald much of national moment might depend; so the minutest affairs of their birth became matters of record, and the old friar of St. John's Abbey, who wore the ink-horn and carried the pen over his ear, could tell you to a minute when every member of the baronial family had been born; when those who had been gathered to their fathers had passed away.

And even with collateral branches he was well acquainted.

So we know that Tancred was not more than forty-eight, but his face looked older than that. There were deep lines upon the brow, and diverging from the corners of the eyes, and about the mouth.

And then there were many grey hairs upon his head.

His form, however, was still erect and firm, though there was a tendency to corpulence which

unmistakably detracted from his physical grace and muscular freedom.

And, moreover, there were certain signs about the eyes and in the sensual lips which betokened a degeneration, if not demoralisation, resulting from over-indulgence in the fermented and distilled fruit of the vine.

He was of medium stature, and in his younger days must have been of comely form and vigorous constitution, and even now, when properly nerved by stimulants, he could hold his saddle and bear his shield against strong and stalwart knights.

Tancred's face was not prepossessing. It could never have been a face calculated to inspire esteem or confidence.

There was a sensual, animal expression about the lips, and a ponderosity of the lower jaw, which betrayed passions and appetites not at all humane or beneficent.

Then there was a contraction of the brow which bespoke grossness of intellect, though the protuberance of the perceptive organs, giving a cavernous retreat to the eyes, indicated quick and keen sight, and an instinctive reading of character and motives.

In his judgment of men, however, there was this fault:

We are all of us, more or less, prone to judge of others by our own pre-established standards, and Tancred could not well attribute to any man moral qualities of which he had no experimental knowledge.

He heard others talk of certain grand qualities of head and heart, but being himself utterly deficient therein, he was inclined to the belief that there were no such inborn characteristics.

He was not inclined to trust any man except under a material bond, and he openly declared that no man ever did good for the sake of doing good.

He distrusted everybody—set spies upon his servants, and then set other spies to watch these spies, until, as a finality, he came to one man over whose acts he alone could exercise control.

Suffice it for the present to say that at the very point where the grand duke was absolutely forced to lay aside espionage for want of another spy, was where, for the master's peace and weal, sure and unfailing watchfulness should have commenced.

But he did not know it; he did not dream of such a thing.

Like all heartless tyrants, weighing men in the scales of his own judgment, he fancied the hearts and souls of his servants were to be bought.

The darkness had fallen without and within, and through the castle of Ravenswald the lamps and the waxen tapers, and the lesser candles in sticks and sconces, had been lighted full an hour earlier than usual.

In one of the lesser halls—a hall in another wing of the keep from the grand old hall of state—stood the Grand Duke Tancred.

He was clad in a suit of crimson velvet, heavily bordered and wrought with gold, and wore for a weapon only a small, jewelled dagger.

Those were times when a gentleman would as soon have appeared without a covering for the head or feet as without a weapon upon his hip.

He had heard the loud blast of the trumpet at the bridge, and he now awaited the coming of the chief man, or men, of the applicants.

Pretty soon the door communicating with the corridor was thrown open, and the voice of a page proclaimed:

"Masters Lionel of Ortenburg and Kenneth of Wollstein."

At the sound of the names a perceptible emotion was manifest in the duke's manner, though by a quick and powerful effort he put it aside.

Advancing a step, and extending his hand, he greeted the young men quite cordially, and bade them consider themselves at home.

"And," he added, with a smile, "you can afford to be thankful that these old walls and this solid roof were at hand, for I fancy this has set in for a severe storm. What a peal was

that! I think I never heard the thunder more terrific."

"It is, indeed, a severe storm, my lord, and promises to be still heavier; and be sure we are both thankful for the presence of the good castle, and grateful for the hospitality of the host."

"Ah, gentlemen, we who are masters within the confines of this wild region should consider our castles as supported for the good of our kind. I like to hear my horns sound the approach of visitors. But pardon me—you must have caught a bit of this rain upon your clothing. Will you have dry garments?"

"No, my lord; there is no need. We were fortunate enough to escape the pour. Only a few drops fell while we were exposed."

"But you must be hungry?"

"Ah," returned Lionel, with a smile, "you now touch a vulnerable spot. We have not broken fast since morning."

"Then I faith, you shall make dinner and supper in one. The varlets must have left enough. How many followers have you?"

"There are eight besides us, my lord."

"You shall be served right speedily, gentlemen, and be sure your followers shall fare sumptuously. I trust their heads are strong?"

"Their judgment and self-control are good."

"That is well. And now I will call my butler, and you shall be served forthwith, and it may be that for the remainder of the evening you will have to excuse me. I have a deputation of our Grand Council of State here on business, and they may keep me, but I will send to you a faithful henchman of our house who will answer all your wants. Make yourself at home if you would have me believe you grateful. You shall see your chambers, and find ever and basin, if you like, before eating."

Having thus spoken, the grand duke touched a small bell at his elbow, in answer to which a page appeared, who was directed to summon one of the chamberlains.

The page departed.

Very shortly thereafter the chamberlain made his appearance—a middle-aged, pale-faced man, with a stolid expression, answering to the name of Valentine.

He was directed by his master to conduct the two gentlemen to connected chambers wherever they might be readiness.

"There are chambers in plenty over the great hall, my lord."

"No, no—not there!" cried Tancred, impulsively.

But after a moment's reflection he sought to laugh the matter off, as though he feared there might be rats and mice and bats, and, perhaps, dampness in the chambers in question, seeing that they had not been used for a long time; and when the chamberlain assured him that all the other furnished chambers were all bespoken he concluded that a suite in the upper part of the wing over the great hall would do very well.

And Valentine was directed to conduct the guests thither, and see that they were furnished with water and towels for bathing purposes.

They left the grand duke in an apartment of the keep which had been erected by a baron of the family not more than half a century before.

The wing was an advanced pile towards the main pile, and was, in many respects of furniture and accommodation, far superior to the older parts of the rambling structure.

The castle, as has already been intimated, was one of the largest in Germany, if not in Europe.

Richard of England, who tarried there several days while on his way through the empire, declared that there was nothing in his kingdom to compare with it.

From this part Lionel and his companion were conducted a long distance, and in a strangely-twisting series of courses.

Their conductor explained to them that much the shorter way would have been across a court, but that would have exposed them to the pelting of the storm.

Away in the northwest corner of the ancient keep was the old baronial hall, spacious enough to accommodate more than three thousand men, and hung with a widely-varied assortment of arms, armour, banners, mementoes of the battlefield and of the chase, and with quaint tapestry and many other things.

But of that anon.

We shall have to do with that old hall before our story is told.

For the present, at his own request, Kenneth was permitted to look through a wicket in one of the great doors, but he only gazed into thick darkness.

Valentine had not the keys, and he vouchsafed the information that the duke seldom suffered them to pass from his own keeping.

The young soldier of Wollstein had broached the subject of the hall, and seemed inclined to push his inquiries; but Valentine could not, or would not, render information.

He seemed to shrink from the subject as from something of which he stood in great dread, and very plainly made it known that he was not the man to satisfy their curiosity.

On the next floor, above the hall, was the suite of apartments to which the two gentle guests had been assigned.

Remembering that the great hall had a vaulted ceiling, we shall conclude that this floor was pretty well up.

Here they found all things necessary for proper toilet preparations, and they were not long in making themselves presentable.

The old chamberlain hung on long after he had done all in his power to do, seeing that his tongue was sealed upon all domestic matters of the place.

But he went away at length, remarking, as he held the latch suspended, that the tinkle of the bell would be answered by either himself or an assistant.

No sooner had the sound of Valentine's retreating footsteps died away in the distance than Kenneth burst forth with speech that had been fairly seething and blistering on his tongue:

"Death, destruction, and confoundment! I was never so confounded and bewildered in my life before. Dear Lionel, what is the meaning of all this? What is the matter with Tancred? He knows that we are of right loyal families, and that you, at least, have had some experience in statecraft. Why does he entertain public men from the capital for the discussion of public business, and shut us out?"

"Why does he excuse himself from our entertainment also in the same breath that bids us welcome? And, as I live, he seems to fear us—to shrink from us as though we had come upon him as spies? Hold on! wait and hear me through. There is one other thing, and surely you must have seen it—his bearing towards yourself. How he watched you while you spoke! A rat could not have been more nervously watchful of a couchant cat. Did you not notice it?"

"Did I not notice it! Kenneth, I noticed but little else. But, tell me, since you have seen and know so much, what do you think can be at the bottom of it? Why should my appearance so interest him?"

"You are beside yourself, Lionel. How can I imagine anything? I never saw the grand duke before, and what he may find interesting in yourself is as dark to me as dark can be. Cannot you conceive of something?"

"Nothing," said our hero, with a troubled expression. "Once before I met the duke, and he acted strangely even then. It perplexed me. Surely there must be some cause for his conduct, and yet I cannot approach a single step towards solution."

"Perhaps," suggested Kenneth, after a little reflection, "your uncle may be able to throw light upon it. Tancred may have had some dealings with your father. What do you remember of him?"

"Of my father?"

"Yes."

"Nothing at all. I was but a helpless child when my father lost his life in battle against the

Bavarian robbers. All I know of him is what my uncle has told me."

"And perhaps he can tell you more. At all events, that is the best source to which you can apply for information."

"You are right, Kenneth. The count may be able to throw light upon it. I can but ask him, at any rate."

Before Kenneth could reply the chamberlain reappeared and announced that dinner was ready.

They forthwith followed him downstairs and away into the apartment where the table had been spread.

Meantime there had been inquiry in another quarter.

No sooner had the two young men left the grand duke than he summoned his page, and bade him go and find Sir Ketzling, and tell him his lord would see him at once.

The page departed upon his errand.

How long the man sought for entered the ducal presence.

Sir Ketzling was an old soldier, and had been knighted on the field of battle by the emperor in person.

He was a man of fifty years, and though a life of exposure to storm and sunshine had darkened his complexion, and drawn a few deep lines upon his high brow, yet the face was benignant and trusty.

He was large of frame, a little inclined to corpulence in his advanced age, but firmly knit and erect.

Not a man to be lightly considered, and one whom the ordinary man would not willingly provoke to wrath.

We have said that his face was benignant and trusty.

But there were times when a stranger might have hesitated to trust him very far—times when his eyes refused to be frank, and when dubious shadows rested upon his usually sunny features.

At such times he was apt to be harsh and inconsiderate, and the man who should see him thus, and see him not again, would remember Ketzling as a dark-faced, uncomfortable officer, if not dangerous also.

He had served the house of Ravenswald many years.

In the service of the preceding duke he had won his spurs.

General Tancred had cast out those retainers who had been near to Godfrey's person.

But he had been circumspect, and he had found in this staunch old knight qualities which peculiarly fitted him for uses he had it in his mind to make of him.

When the lieutenant of the castle had entered and had taken a seat the duke went himself to see that all the doors were secure, and that no one lingered near upon the outside.

Then he resumed his seat, and turned to his henchman.

"My good Sir Ketzling," he said, in a low, querying manner, "I think you have always been true to me?"

"Your lordship should know," returned the knight, with a respectful inclination of the head.

"Ay, my old friend, I do know. Thou art true. Among those who have been as true as they could be thou hast been as true as Heaven itself. Be sure, Ketzling, that my interest is your own. Whatever subserves my good at Ravenswald, or at the capital, must promote good for yourself. I say this that you may know how to manage your affairs without off-repeated promise from me. I want you to feel that you have full authority here, and, more than all else, I want you to fully appreciate the fact that you are absolute master of Ravenswald in my absence, with the power of life and death of the vassals of low degree in your hands."

Ketzling bowed with seeming humility and gratitude.

The duke watched his face narrowly, and detected only honest attachment and warmth of appreciative thankfulness, and after a brief pause he went on:

"Good Ketzling, we have guests from Orten-

berg beneath our roof, driven here by the flood. Have you seen them?"

"I saw some of the retainers in the lower hall, my lord, but I have not yet seen the master?"

"Do you remember a youth who once came with Count Eldred, Kotzling, to our court at Stuttgart?"

"Surely, I remember him well. It is he whom men call Master Lionel."

"The same; and he is now in our castle—in a suite above the old hall, preparing for dinner. Kotzling, tell me truly—what do you think of that youth?"

"How mean you, my lord? In what direction does your query lie?"

"I mean, who and what is he?"

"Why, surely, my lord, you know that. His father was Sir Fabian of Ortenberg, brother to Eldred."

"Ay, I know it has been so given out; but is it true? Do you believe there is a drop of the blood of Ortenberg in that man's veins?"

"Why, surely," replied Kotzling, seemingly in great surprise, "I never doubted it."

"Because, perhaps, you never gave the matter a thought. Now, look ye; I have a work for you to do. Go first—But," after a thoughtful pause, "suppose I tell you in the start what that work is. It is my firm belief that we have been most wickedly deceived."

"I can see the hand of the busy old friar of Saint John in the work. I tell you, this youth is no more the son of Fabian of Ortenberg than you are. Now, this is your work: You must prove this thing. First, work your way into Master Lionel's confidence. Go to him while he is at his dinner."

"Men are apt to be communicative while engaged over a good meal with sharp appetites. Go to him, and make what you can of him. I can trust your own wit for guidance. I need not give a word of warning or caution. First to the youth himself, and when you have carefully and quietly sounded him then go to his followers."

"Some of them may give a hint from which I can gain light. There are most likely men with him who have been long in the service of the count. They may be induced to tell something of this youth's earlier life. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do, my lord."

"And will you serve me?"

"Ay, surely. If there is mystery or falsehood in the good count's family I should like to know it. Ay, I will learn what I can."

"Then be about the work at once, for the troop may take a fancy to be off early, if the coming morning be fair."

The knight bowed assent, and then turned from the apartment.

In a distant corridor, by the light of a single sickly candle, he stopped, and bent his head upon his hands.

"Ay," he murmured aloud, "as though following out thoughts that had been going on silently, 'the hour has arrived. Tanned clearly suspects, and he suspects the truth. Oh, if Lionel knew the story which his face must tell to all who can read a plainly written page of life he would not have come to this place, and I wonder old Rupert allowed it. But the deed is done, and now for the consequences. Ah! my waiting may be rewarded, after all. It may be mine to serve the right and save a precious life.'"

Having thus spoken, the stout knight raised his head and moved on.

His course was towards that part of the castle which had long been shut to the prying eyes and wakeful, startling fancies of the present household.

CHAPTER III.

—Of a wild outlet, fathomless and dim,
To wild uncertainty and shadows grim.

LIONEL would have had a seat placed at his table for Rupert and Jasper, but when he had been introduced into the small banquet hall

he was informed that the two foresters were already eating with their companions; and the chamberlain vouchsafed the assurance that all of them were doing excellently well; so the young master was content with the promise that both Rupert and Jasper should be sent to him before he retired.

That was Valentine's proposition, but Lionel made a slight change in the arrangement. Instead of having the foresters sent up to him, he preferred to go down to them, and see for himself how it fared with his more humble friends.

Accordingly, when he had concluded his meal, he followed the chamberlain to an apartment towards the quarters of the men-at-arms, where he found the members of his troop sitting around a rough table upon which were lighted candles and a huge flagon of ale.

Having passed a few pleasant words with the party he called Rupert and Jasper aside, and bade them, if the weather would permit, to have everything in readiness for an early start in the morning.

"Let the men understand," he said privately, "that I have urgent reasons for wishing to be at Ortenberg early in the day. But, truly, Rupert, I care not to see the grand duke again. I shall be uneasy until I can gain speech with my uncle. Ask me no questions now; I will explain all on the road."

Rupert promised that he would look to it that his men did not drink too much ale, and that he would have them in readiness for an early start in the morning.

After this Lionel rejoined Kenneth, and with nothing of more immediate moment at hand, they retired to their chambers, where, fatigued by the labour and excitement of the day, they were content to seek their beds.

Their chambers were of the same suite, but had no visible way of communication save by way of the corridor, or passage, which ran along in front.

The wall between them, of stone—as were all the partition walls of the old keep—was double, affording a large closet opening out from each of the rooms, that connected with Lionel's apartment, apparently occupying one-half the space, while the closet of the adjacent room seemed to take the other half.

Originally the windows of these chambers had evidently been but small loop-holes, but succeeding barons of the estate, before the duchy had fallen to Ravenswald, had enlarged the apertures, and caused glass to be set in. With the lapse of time the leaden frames that held the little lunge-shaped panes of glass in place had become loosened, and under the force of the gale and the storm the glasses rattled, and on the windward side the rain beat in until tiny pools and streams were formed in the depression of the pavement.

But our hero cared not for that. He was not used to such a clatter of loose glass, but he was familiar with noise and din, and with exposure to the weather; and, moreover, as the great oaken bed-frame, with its towering posts and its canopy of faded damask, was safely removed from possible reach of the incoming drops, he did not allow himself to be troubled, nor did he remain long awake to speculate upon troublesome themes after his head had touched the pillow.

Lionel had slept soundly, but how long he could not judge, when he was awakened by a hand upon his shoulder, and, as he started up, a voice, both authoritative and persuasive, sounded in his ear:

"—sh! Make no alarm. He is a friend who speaks. Arise without noise, and attend to what I shall say unto thee."

The youth was greatly surprised, but not an atom of fear was present in the emotions that swayed him.

In his preparations for retiring he had only removed his upper garments and his boots, so that he arose sufficiently dressed for meeting his mysterious visitor.

His first movement, when the hand had been removed from his shoulder, was to sit up, and slip down from the high bed upon the floor. A flash and a crash told him that the storm still

continued, though its fury was abating. He had left a waxen taper burning outside the drapery of the canopy, and he could see, furthermore, that there was additional light from a lantern in the hand of the visitor.

Having satisfied himself that he was awake, and that no wild hallucination was operating upon his mind, he took a look at the man who had thus strangely and mysteriously gained access to his apartment.

The stranger stood so that the light of the taper at the foot of the bed shone upon him, and his garb and form were clearly revealed. The garb was that worn by the friars of the neighbouring abbey.

The form was of medium height, and slightly inclined to heathful rotundity; there was no bloat, no unseemly fat, but a happy abundance of flesh, such as is worn by men who allow nothing to fret and worry them into decline. From beneath the dark cowl were visible a pair of keen, refulgent eyes, and a face that was made up of honest faith and good nature, though just now there was the shadow of a deep concern upon it, and the quickly moving eyes betrayed eager and intense watchfulness. He seemed to wait until the youth had collected his senses, and was prepared to listen, and then spoke:

"My son, I am accredited to thee by one whom thou mayest well consider a true and trusty friend. If thou wouldst find thy highest good give me thy whole confidence. Dost remember me?"

"As I look more narrowly, and see your face turned to the light," answered Lionel, who had shown by his manner that he had made the discovery, "I find something that seems familiar. I think I saw you once at Ortenberg."

"I was there once, my son, and saw thee, and laid my hand upon thy head in blessing." Lionel, who had thus far sat, or leaned, upon the side of the bed, started up and forward at these words, and extended his hand.

"Ah! thou art Father Clement, the warrior friar of the Plains of Nicaea!"

"So I am sometimes called, my son," returned the monk, with a nod and a smile. "I am surely Father Clement, of our Holy House of Saint John, and I was one of the mere handful of harassed followers of the Cross who cut their way out from that dreadful slaughter upon the Plains of Nicaea. Ah! how sad the remembrance of that day! And it all came of ignorance and overwrought zeal. Our noble leader, Walter of Burgundy, would have led his host clear of that fatal pit, but the crazy rabble would not listen to his cool and rational counsel. They hoisted at him for a craven and a coward, and forced him on. But enough of this. Thou art awake, and canst answer. I ask that thou wilt put thyself blindly under my guidance for awhile. I can only offer in explanation that my whole aim—my one sole object—is to serve, and perhaps save, thee. What sayest thou?"

The youth's answer was prompt and frank, outgushing from the heart:

"Good father, to prove to thee that my faith in Clement of Nicaea is strong and unwavering, I freely give myself to thy guidance."

"It is well. Thou art to leave this chamber with me. I think thou wilt return hither before the night is past, but as it is possible that such may not be the case thou hadst better take thy belongings with thee."

"I have only my sword, good father—that, and my clothing."

"Very well; take that, and take thy boots in thy hand. For a little distance it were better that we should make no noise. Trust me fully, my son, and thou wilt never regret it."

"And yet," said Lionel, with an earnestness that showed deep feeling on the subject, "I trust that thou wilt explain when it can be properly done."

"Borrow no trouble on that score, my son. I give thee my solemn word of assurance that thou shalt know all which it can profit thee to know. There is a bright destiny in the future, and it may be thine to attain. I tell thee, thou art on the threshold of a new life. Accident hath combined with necessity in a most wondrous manner.

The storm that sent thee hither might seem to me to have been instituted by a Supreme Power for the very purpose of bringing about that result. But—we shall have the opportunity to converse on our way. Let us not tarry here; and be careful in thy preparations that thou dost not arouse Master Kenneth in the adjacent apartment."

With noiseless steps Lionel made ready, and when he had buckled on his sword, and donned his cap, he took his boots in his hand, as the friar suggested would be best until they should have got beyond the reach of wakeful ears.

When all else was ready Clement took from the capacious scrip that hung from his shoulder, a second lantern, the lamp of which he proceeded to light by the candle upon the table. When it had been lighted, and the slides secured, he gave it to the youth, saying, as he did so:

"In the place where we are going we must carry our own light, and it is well to guard against emergencies. I have known a light to be extinguished in spite of every precaution, but it would be a very strange mishap that should extinguish two of them at the same time. Now, my son, I think we are ready. You may follow me without fear, though—But of that anon. It is a mystic path we are to traverse."

"Good father," said our hero, swinging his sword back so that it should not interfere with his locomotion, and thereby make a needless clang, "I have told thee that I had in thee the fullest confidence. That confidence will not be easily shaken. Lead on now, as it may please thee."

(To be Continued.)

TURKISH WIVES.

First among Turkish social topics is that of the harem. The Koran allows a Mussulman to have four wives; and many persons have consequently imagined that polygamy is the rule in Turkey, whereas it is the exception. A Mussulman may only have as many wives as he can keep in comfort; and it is only the very rich who can afford to keep four. The middle-class Turks have only one wife apiece; the men of the lowest class are often obliged to remain single from not having the means to support a consort in the style which the Moslem law enjoins.

Nothing can be more un-Turkish than the Mormon idea of accumulating a number of women to live under one roof, quarrelling in the kitchen and parlour, and acting as household drudges for their husband. The Turkish wife is not a slave; the chief fault to find with her is that she has too lofty a sense of her own dignity. An advocate of female rights would have some difficulty in persuading her that her lot was pitiable; she has never envied the emancipation of Christian women, whose free ways shock her; while she has noticed that they get much less respect from the men of their faith than that which is invariably vouchsafed to herself. She veils her face with no more regret than a western lady unveils her shoulders.

Turkish women are not shut up. They go out when they please, attended by their odaliks if rich, or holding their children by the hand; and their magpie voices fill the bazaars, for they are noisy talkers. Wherever they pass, men of all creeds stand aside deferentially. If a husband meets his wife in the street he makes no sign of recognition. If he perceives her halting before a draper's stall and gazing significantly at silks dearer than he can afford, he must possess his soul in resignation, muttering, "Mashallah." This respect for women prevails also in the home circle, and it comes naturally to the Mussulman, who has been taught from boyhood to behave courteously to the softer sex.

The western conjugal expression about "wear-

ing the breeches" has its Turkish counterpart in the phrase to "live under the slipper;" and it is to be feared that not a few Turks know the taste of this implement of uxorial persuasion. A hamal (street porter) once came before a cadi to complain that his wife trounced him too frequently. "See what mine does," answered the magistrate, opening his gown and showing him some weals on his neck and shoulders. "Go thy way, my son, and thank Allah thou art luckier than I."

A Turkish house is divided into two parts—the selamlık for the men, the haremlik for the women; and the latter has as many separate suites of apartments as there are ladies. A Turk who has but one wife may require a large haremlik if his mother and sisters live with him, for each of these ladies have their private set of rooms and servants for her separate use. There must be no crowding and no mixing of domestics in a well-ordered establishment; so that if there be four wives they need never see one another unless they please.

The first wife is called the hanun, and takes precedence over the others all her life. She has a right to the best rooms, and to a fixed share of her husband's income, which he must not reduce to minister to the caprice of his younger spouses. As these points have generally been settled through the ulemas or priests before the wedding, a hanun's jointure is as safe as that of a Frenchwoman who has had a contract drawn up by a notary.

During the last twenty years monogamy has become more and more the rule among the Turks of the highest class, and even among those who have two or three wives the hanun has gradually come to be regarded as having the same rank as the mistress of a Christian house. She visits and entertains the hanuns of other gentlemen, but keeps aloof from wives of the second and other degrees. These are not equals in her sight, being generally ladies of a lower social status, who have not brought any dowry to their husband.

Time was when a pasha would take four wives of equal degree, all being daughters of other pashas or of the Sultan, and all richly portioned; but manners have altered in this respect—at all events, in the European part of Turkey. It must not be supposed, however, that a hanun cherishes any such jealous hatred of her fellow-wives as is felt by a Christian wife who sees her husband flirt with strange women. She is content with the largest share of her husband's respects, without demanding his exclusive devotion. Her philosophy often goes the length of choosing from among her own odaliks or companions (from oda, room), one whom she deems meet to be his morganatic spouse, and she will do this the more readily if she have taken a fancy to the girl and be unwilling to see her leave the house. In some houses, not of the highest class, the four wives are as friendly at home as it is possible for women to be; though each may have a different set of outdoor friends whom she will not introduce to the others. In any case the supremacy of the hanun is always acknowledged and the others will not intrude themselves into her presence unless invited.

The Turk who has money marries young, and an excuse for polygamy might be found in the fact that this first marriage is always an "affaire de convenance." His father bespeaks a bride for him from among the daughters of his best friend, and he does not see the young lady until she lifts her veil in the bridal chamber after the wedding. The preliminaries are conducted by the mothers on both sides; and doubtless a son will now and then plead hard to be allowed just one peep at his intended, but a prudent matron will turn a deaf ear to such entreaties. The damsel is more fortunate, for she can see her bridegroom elect through the grated windows of her residence, or closer still, under cover of her veil in the bazaar.

It might be supposed that, as feminine nature is the same in all latitudes, a girl who knew herself to be pretty might devise innocent stratagems for letting her betrothed get a sight of her—for instance, wear a very thin veil, or

contrive that, at the hour when the young effendi called on her father, one or two of the wooden bars of her moucharabîs (window grating) should be displaced. But this would be quite contrary to Mussulman notions of delicacy, which are not to be trifled with.

Turkish girls are unaffectedly modest. Those of the lower class who are engaged as servants in the houses of Frank residents are much preferred to Greeks or Armenians for their excellent behaviour, cleanliness, and regard for truth. Looking upon marriage as their natural destiny, they are careful of their reputations; and when married make first-rate house-wives.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

A SIMPLE ROAD TO WEALTH.

ONE of the richest Chinamen in San Francisco is doubtless Mr. Chew Kow Yup, who came to this city a penniless Mongolian thief about seven years ago. The secret of his success is a beautiful one, for all his wealth has been obtained by committing to memory four simple words, "You savae me leper."

The second night after his arrival he broke into a dry goods store, and was carrying away his booty when a policeman collared him, and prepared to march him down to the City Hall. He made no resistance, but innocently remarked, "You savae me leper," and Officer Mulligan flew wildly towards North Beech, giving his prisoner the opportunity to steal seven more undershirts, of which he promptly availed himself. He was only once brought into Court, being then charged with a wholesale diamond robbery, and when asked to plead guilty or not guilty, he simply repeated the words of his charm, in a voice at once plaintive and full of expression.

The Court was cleared in less than forty seconds, two of the jury leaving their hats behind, and the Judge his gold spectacles, all of which Mr. Chew Kow Yup appropriated, together with the loose change in the clerk's drawer.

It is needless to say that the wealthy heathen is entirely free from the first suspicion of leprosy, and he leaves in the next steamer for Hongkong with about 90,000 dollars.

OUR LOVE LETTERS.

I was betrothed in infancy to Miss Gertrude Duval.

There I pause.

The statement sounds romantic. You may doubt the facts, but who can guess to what length a romantic woman may go?

There were three romantic women in our family:

My mother, Gertrude's, and a maiden aunt, who had property which she wished to bestow upon us "jintely," à la Captain Cuttle. Circumstances separated Gertrude and me before we were old enough to talk.

They drove me and my small affianced, then attired in dresses three times her own length, to Kingston.

I believe that I had a dim remembrance of her as she appeared while sucking an orange; but when my mother would say:

"Oh, Effingham, don't you remember your sweet little wifey?"—another romantic blight in the shape of the name of Effingham had been bestowed upon me—I answered: "No!" as a matter of principle. After this I would generally add:

"I hate her! All girls are hateful, but she is the hatefulest."

There is an age at which all boys make this declaration with perfect honesty. In after years, had they not lost that far from fascinating frankness peculiar to youths of fourteen, the same boys would not unfrequently change their song and declare that they loved all girls.

At eighteen I confessed to myself that this was the case.

The thought that a young beauty was "savouring herself up for me" really touched my soul; and when, one day, there arrived, by mail, a small box containing a photograph of a fair-haired young lady, with dark eyes and dimples in both cheeks, which my mother presented to me as the likeness of Miss Gertrude Duval, my affianced wife, I fell in love with it at once, as I should have fallen in love with any other passably pretty portrait of a lady.

"You are now eighteen, Effingham," said my mother. "Gertrude is seventeen. You will be of age in three years. In one more I intend to send you away upon a visit; but before you meet, I trust you will gain some knowledge of each other by correspondence. Of course, a betrothal in infancy is no longer binding. You need not gratify the hopes of your parents unless you choose to do so"—here my mother sighed; "but I am sure you will at least cultivate the young lady's acquaintance as I have suggested. It is your place to write first."

All I said was:

"Yes, ma'am."

But that night I went early to my own room, took half a quire of note-paper under my hand, and began:

"Dear Madame—" that was too formal. "Respected Miss—" ridiculous. "My darling Gertrude—" she would be insulted. How would it do to commence without any formal beginning?

But if so, what should I say?

I sat with my head between my hands and my elbows on the table, when a knock sounded upon the door. I knew by the sharp sound that it was Obed Drake who applied for admission.

Obed was a young man some ten years my senior, who had been left at an early age upon the hands of the world in general by the disappearance of his father and the death of his mother, who had had recourse to the gin bottle to comfort her in her affliction.

Handed about from neighbour to neighbour, he had finally taken root in our house, where, discovering that, having split wood, drawn water, milked the cows, and run of errands all day, he sat up all night to study geography and battle single-handed with geometrical problems, my father's scholarly heart was drawn toward him, and he became a sort of adopted son. Despite his unpromising antecedents, he was a wonderfully worthy young man, and now a hard-working and rising lawyer. Many a scrape had he helped me out of.

Now, as I heard his knock upon the door, one that knuckles less bony could never have made, I called, "Come in," in tones of relief. Obed Drake could assuredly advise me as to a "beginning" of my letter.

"Come in," said I; and the door opened and a long, thin form advanced and half retreated.

"Oh, if you are writing, I'll not disturb you," said the voice belonging to this apparition.

"No, no," said I; "not at all, not at all. Come in; I want you, Obed. I'm in a dilemma. Sit down."

Obed sat down, and I confided the facts of the case to him.

"You see," I said, in conclusion, "I am obliged to write a letter to a young lady I never saw, on whom I desire to make a favourable impression, and I can't imagine how I ought to begin. It's really the most difficult task."

"Difficult!" cried Obed, with a curious jerk, peculiar to him when he was excited. "Difficult! No such thing. Not at all difficult. Most enjoyable task—most enjoyable. I only wish I had it to do. But really, do you find it difficult, Eff?"

"Terribly so," I said. "See, this is her picture. Beautiful, isn't it?"

"Yea," said Obed; "but I like dark girls. It wouldn't inspire me particularly. Now, do you know, if I were going to write, I should imagine to myself quite another girl. Do you know—I should think you'd like to write to an

unknown young lady. Here, I'll show you how I'd begin."

He sat down to my desk.

I lit a cigar.

He took up my pen.

Instantly it began to fly over the paper.

With his shoulders to his ears, and his nose on the lines, Obed worked away.

I finished one cigar and lit another; still he wrote on.

At last three sheets of note-paper lay in a pile before him.

"There," said Obed, with a long breath, "that is a little of what I should say."

He selected a cigar for himself and puffed in silence, while I read his production.

"It's a very fine letter, Obed," I said. "I couldn't do anything half so good. Bless my soul, how many quotations! Where do you keep them stowed away? I say, Obed, would you mind my just copying this and sending it?"

"Do as you like, Eff," said Obed. "I'd have taken more pains, however, if I had thought of that."

I took advantage of his permission, copied the letter and despatched it to Miss Gertrude Duval. In less than a fortnight I received a reply.

It was long, poetical, and as full of quotations as Obed's had been.

In fact it was a complete answer to his epistle.

Of course, I took it to Obed.

"Fine letter," he said, as he turned its pages for the third time. "I say, if this was to me, I could get up a famous reply. This remark now about men, and their want of appreciation of women, and quotation, twisted to suit herself; now, I'd say—"

"Obed," I cried. "do you say what you like. The young woman is too opinionated for me; she knows too much; she is too sharp. I can't write to a girl like that. And who would think it from her picture!"

"Nobody," said Obed. "She looks like a bread-and-butter miss."

Then he once more seized upon pen and paper, and this time an enormous packet made its way to Kingston.

To cut a long story short, Obed and my young betrothed were soon exchanging not so much letters as parcels of manuscript.

They wrote regularly, and touched upon every subject under the sun, from love to electricity.

They had read every author who ever wrote, and had opinions on every "ism" that bewildered people's brains.

Of course, I knew that Obed, who was at least eight-and-twenty, had dabbled in everything; but that a girl of seventeen should have gone as far as he, was a mystery I could not explain.

It did not attract me.

But for that beautiful portrait, I should have returned to my youthful opinion of Miss Gertrude, and declared that I hated her; but the face was prettier than any I knew, in my eyes.

Sometimes my mother perturbed what she supposed to be our correspondence, and greatly complimented us on our flowery expressions. But one or two letters were too heavy for light reading, and once she remarked, having folded the many sheets of Gertrude's last, with a very grave air:

"There is so much about the doctrines of Confucius, my dear. I hope he is not one of those liberal preachers silly young people are all running after now-a-days, and that if you do marry, you'll take a pew at Dr. Dosely's. I hope she don't go to hear this Confucius regularly."

However, the poetical epistles pleased her, and when the correspondence had been going on for a year, it was decided in family conclave that I had better go and visit my brother.

It was decided also that Obed was to go with me.

With a new wardrobe, a full pocket-book and

my parents' blessing, I started on my romantic journey.

I left the letters at home, but I took with me the photograph.

Obed attended to such practical matters as baggage and lunches, tackled cabmen, and saw that we were not sent into the roof at any hotel we patronised.

I must confess I felt that he was not ornamental, with his tallow-coloured complexion and bean-pole aspect, his wild sweep of greenish yellow hair and his large knuckles; but he was useful, and I was very fond of him, and it might hurt his feelings to explain to him that his yellow-grey travelling suit was three sizes too small for him.

We reached Kingston and made our way to a most respectable house, with a large garden, where dwelt the parents of my affianced. Having attired ourselves for a call, we engaged a cab to take us thither, and arrived in the middle of a fine summer afternoon.

To our inquiries, the little servant who opened the door replied that Miss Gertrude was in "the arbour," and as we had heard much of "the arbour" in the letters, and it was in full sight, I suggested to Obed that we should approach unseen and surprise the lady by our appearance.

It was an impudent thing to do, but I considered myself privileged. We accordingly followed the winding walk with careful steps, and arriving at the arbour, peeped through the vines and saw, not one young lady, but two.

The youngest was the original of my picture, fair, with golden hair, dark eyes, dimples and a rose-bud mouth.

The other was about thirty, sensible, shrewd-looking, and very dark. She was writing. The sheets of note-paper on the table looked familiar.

"Finished," she said, laying down her pen. "And as he's to come soon, that, I suppose, is my last letter. Heigh-ho! Gertrude, he is much too sensible a man for you. How such a boy can have acquired so much information I do not know, but I've enjoyed my share of the correspondence."

"And I'm ever so much obliged, Martha," said the other. "I never could think of anything to write to the prosy thing. If he is like his letters, I can't like him; but his photograph is ever so nice-looking. Maybe he won't talk as he writes."

I looked at Obed. Obed looked at me. We tiptoed our way back to the house, found the servant, and sent her out with our cards.

"Do you know, Effingham," said Gertrude to me a week later, "I have a confession to make. I didn't think I'd like you a bit."

"Why?" asked I.

"Don't be offended," said Gertrude. "Your letters were so—so solemn—like improving works we ought to read, and never do—at least I don't."

"Gertrude," said I, "I have a confession to make, too. I never wrote one of those letters; Obed did them for me."

"Oh," said she. "Do you know, Martha wrote all mine?"

Afterwards I told her that I did not know it, but not then.

"Mr. Drake is a very nice person, isn't he?" asked Gertrude very soon.

"A splendid fellow," said I.

"I am very glad," said she; "for Martha is engaged to him; and she told me she did not believe you ever wrote a word of those letters."

So I returned home with news that made my mother happy; but Obed stayed behind. He married Miss Martha, and they settled down in Kingston. He is a successful lawyer. She occasionally lectures, and both seem to be as happy as are my Gertrude and I, and only for our love-letters they never might have met. Says my wife sometimes:

"Well, they were our love-letters, after all."

R. H.

A FEARFUL RECORD.

A FRENCH statistician has been computing the number of human beings killed in war during the present century. He has selected for his estimates the wars of the French Empire from 1801 to 1815; the Spanish wars of 1809 to 1810; our war of 1812; the Greek war of 1822; the civil wars of Spain since 1823; the Russo-Turkish war of 1821; the French invasion of Algiers; the Franco-Belgian war against Holland; the Polish insurrection; the war between Mehemet Ali and the Sultan, and of the Swiss Sonderbund; our war with Mexico; the revolutions of 1858; the war between Italy and Austria; the Crimean war; the Indian mutiny; the French Expedition to Syria; the Franco-Italian war of 1859; our civil war; the Danish war; the Paraguayan war; the French invasion of Mexico; the Austro-Prussian war of 1866; the Cuban insurrection; the Franco-German war of 1870; and the present Russo-Turkish war, and he finds that 200,000,000 of men have been the victims of these struggles of this enlightened nineteenth century.

HER GUIDING STAR;

OR,

LOVE AND TREACHERY.

CHAPTER V.

THE summer passed; but, though Cyril attended to the cares that, as he grew into greater trust, devolved upon him, and failed in no respect in his accustomed application to study, Mr. Fairfax saw with regret that his boyish happiness seemed yielding to a thoughtfulness which, always in some degree natural to him, had of late become so prevailing as to suggest some special cause.

Still, as he made neither communication nor inquiry, Mr. Fairfax, whatever he might conjecture, thought it best to defer the revelation which he was aware must soon be given. This was unexpectedly hastened.

One evening, as he was reading, and Cyril was, or affected to be, occupied in like manner, he suddenly turned to his guardian, and said:

"Are you my uncle, sir?"

Off his guard at this unlooked-for inquiry, Mr. Fairfax instinctively answered:

"No, Cyril."

"What relationship, then, is there between us?"

"None whatever."

With a strong effort to suppress his emotion, Cyril said, in a proud and injured tone:

"Then I have been deceived for twelve years."

"This time, sir, to deal differently with me."

"My dear boy, the deceit of which you complain, if it indeed deserves so harsh a name, has been most reluctant on my part. I have only sought to defer what would give pain. But you are right. The time for concealment is past. Take this seat by me, and I will give you such facts as are in my possession."

Cyril did so; the story was told in few words, but many would fail to express its effect on the hearer.

His intense gaze, his changing colour, his quivering lip and heaving chest, better told the conflict of emotions that shook him. For some time he could not speak.

His first words were those of gratitude. Convulsively pressing Mr. Fairfax's hand, he could only say:

"My father!" and the effort brought tears to his relief.

Mr. Fairfax, unwilling to infuse his own distrust into Cyril's mind, had been careful to express no opinion of the person by whom he had been committed to his care, while ignorant of the relationship subsisting between them.

"Has he never written?" asked Cyril, at length.

"Never."

"But he promised remittances, he surely sent them?"

"For a short time."

Cyril's countenance fell.

"How do you explain their failure, sir?"

"I cannot, otherwise than by supposing that he may be no longer living."

Cyril shuddered.

"Dead!" he exclaimed, "and all knowledge dying with him! Oh, it cannot be! do not, do not say so!"

"I only suggest a possibility; there may be other and excellent reasons. We must hope the best."

But distress, doubt, fear, spoke in Cyril's face. He longed to ask if Mr. Fairfax believed this person to be his father, but he could not; he dreaded, he knew not why, to have the idea confirmed. He only asked that he would more minutely describe his appearance.

Mr. Fairfax did so.

"The same! the same!" exclaimed Cyril, as if from some secret recess of memory an image came forth, bringing with it, too, dim recollections of endearments that had won his infant confidence; and he softened toward one who, a moment before, had repelled him. But with these came also a fear, and his heart fainted within him.

"Perhaps it is better I should never know," thought he. "I may only hear my birth to blush for it."

Mr. Fairfax, tenderly regarding him, easily divined the doubts, the conjectures, the apprehensions that passed like shadows over his expressive face, but he forbore to avow his participation in them.

"My dear boy," said he, affectionately laying his hand on his head, and stroking the rich hair from his brow, "let us talk no more at present, it is late; but henceforth we shall have no secrets from each other."

A beautiful autumn came, glorious with its yellow lights and gorgeous foliage; and, animated by its braising influences, Cyril seemed more like himself than he had of late done.

With his gun on his shoulder, his lunch in his pocket, and followed by Turk, a mongrel, with a strong infusion of bull, unfit for sport, but great as a guard or companion, and one who would not be repulsed, he set off for a day in the woods.

On his return home, finding himself near the lower termination of a ravine, the fane took him to climb its precipitous side as he had often done; but what should he do with Turk, who had been more a plague than pleasure during the day, and who would here be a serious encumbrance?

A neighbour lad who was passing by the usual route to the village offered to relieve him both of dog and gun, and Cyril sharing with him his game, consented, Turk going off with the air of a dismissed official, conscious of incompetency. Then, winding his way up the ravine, he put forth his strength and agility to the task of reaching the summit.

Having gained it, he threw himself panting and excited on a bed of leaves with which a slight frost had strewn the ground, and surrendered himself to the tranquillising influences around him.

A soft vapour haze was spread over the declining day, rendering nature—like a lovely woman seen through a transparent veil—even more lovely.

There were no discordant sounds, but through the still air was heard the murmur from the ravine, and the distinct but gentle dropping of the leaves that the frost had disengaged. Cyril watched them as they fell till a dreamy thoughtfulness came over him.

To this succeeded a sense of loneliness, suggested by the companionship that seemed to pervade all nature.

The hum of insects told of number; the birds that twittered among the trees that shaded him were arranging a social southern trip when the

shorter days should come; a cow that had broken bounds, and had found some green spots near him, from time to time gave a motherly call to her silly calf who had strayed too far from her; even the senseless river at his feet seemed hasting to some "meeting of the waters," as if willing to lose itself so that it might mingle with others.

"Nothing is alone but myself," sighed Cyril.

Wearied with his day's ramble, reverie soon disposed to sleep, and he was transported to the "land of dreams."

He there appeared still to be on his cliff-top bed, while groups of happy children and caressing mothers were near him.

Lambs gambolled about their dams, and parent-birds were feeding their nestlings in the trees; but none cared for him, or even seemed conscious of his presence.

He was alone, in the midst of life and love. By-and-bye a cloud intervened, and all were gone.

While he lamented; it parted, and disclosed the image that had haunted his childhood—a tall, dark man, with eyes bent on him that penetrated to his heart, and weighed on him like a nightmare. He tried to move—he was transfixed by the gaze.

The low growl of a dog broke the spell, and he awoke to behold that very face leaning over him; and Turk, who had eluded the custody to which he had been committed, guarding him with an air of defiance.

Cyril raised himself on his elbow, laid a restraining hand on Turk, and turned a full, undaunted look on the stranger.

"Cyril Ashleigh?"

"Yes," said Cyril.

"I thought so. But you do not and cannot know me."

Years had left their mark on that face, but there were still the same strong features, the same singular expression that had, as it were, burned itself into his infant mind.

Naturally tenacious of all impressions, and rendered still more so by a life so quiet and unvarying as to produce but few, Cyril gazed on him with a clear conviction of identity. He had risen, and, standing erect with arms crossed upon his breast, as if to control the beating of his heart, and endeavouring to speak with composure, he said deliberately:

"Yes—I do."

It was evident that the stranger was unprepared for this reply, and he returned a look of rather displeased surprise.

"Know me! and as what? or whom?"

"As one with whom I have some mysterious connection. Oh, give me a name by which to call you!"

Surveying Cyril from head to foot in silence, and with an expression difficult to define, though certainly inquisitorial and severe, his face at length melted into a smile meant to inspire confidence, and he replied:

"You shall know me, and for your best friend. There, give me your hand. Now let us be seated. Here is a rock that will serve for our purpose. I have something to say, and not much time. First, let me express my satisfaction with yourself—nay, hear me," continued he, in a less gentle tone; "I have the right, young man, to commend or to blame—reward or punish—therefore listen without interruption. Your appearance, your air, your language, all indicate that my choice of a guardian was well made. Go on as you have begun, and success will be yours."

"Success!" repeated Cyril: "I want affection, confidence, and that which is not refused to the poorest—the knowledge of you and what I am."

"And can any one," replied the stranger, with a sarcastic smile, "can any one better instruct you than yourself? What makes your identity but your own mind; your own consciousness? What can I tell you of Cyril Ashleigh that you do not know better than I do?"

"Oh, do not trifle with me!" exclaimed

Cyril, no longer able to restrain his emotion. "I entreat you, I conjure you by everything sacred to tell me what my heart is bursting to know—tell me what gives you a right over me? by what name I should call you? by what name should I know myself? Oh, tell me!" said he, with a gush of feeling that had little effect on his hearer.

"Be calm, Cyril. This will not advance your object. I am not to be moved from a purpose by the tears of a boy. You must remain for such time as I alone shall decide in your present ignorance. I will only say that, if you do not thwart me, you shall eventually know all. If you do," he added, with a threatening aspect, "you will never know. Be obedient, be satisfied to remain as I have placed you, and it will make the happiness of both; for let me tell you that we are each to the other a destiny—for good or for evil, as you shall act."

These words, uttered with a look and tone that sent a chill to Cyril's heart, silenced him; but his spirit was working strongly within him. The authoritative and menacing voice, the cold—almost contemptuous—answers to his natural yearnings, the smile of irony at such a time, all repelled his confidence and roused his resentment. Starting to his feet, he exclaimed, in the impotent violence of a boy:

"I will know; you shall no longer trifle with me!"

Turk, a close observer, instinctively felt that all was not right.

From the first he had cast a doubtful eye on this unknown visitor; but now, when he saw him rise, and lay an arm on Cyril with a view to check his impetuosity, a hostile growl, and a slight movement of his upper lip, indicated that he required but small encouragement to make an inconvenient member of the conference.

"I advise you," said the stranger, with an angry glance of distrust at Turk; "to keep both yourself and your dog under better control; unless, indeed, you intend to use his fangs to effect the determination you have just expressed."

"Oh, sir!" said Cyril, cruelly wounded, "how can you speak to me in this manner? If you could only see my heart: You once treated me kindly. I have not forgotten it. I once looked on you as my only friend. Oh!" exclaimed he, trying to take his hand, and resentment subdued by those recollections, "oh, look at me, and speak to me differently!"

The stranger was moved. He did not reject Cyril's hand; he was silent for a moment; then, in a voice rough with the emotion he endeavoured to suppress, he said:

"Fahaw! folly! enough of this. You have heard my conditions—his needless to repeat them. I have but one other thing to say. Your remittances have been irregular; they may be so again, but you are never to make that a pretext for disobedience, or worse may follow. Here is something for the present—more will come."

Then presenting a purse, which Cyril unheeding let fall to the ground, and shaking himself loose from the grasp which would still have detained him, he plunged into a thicket near them, and was soon seen crossing the rude bridge that spanned the ravine.

Turk sprang after him, but, recalled by his master, he only tossed up his head, and, giving the short, angry bark by which dogs express their contempt at an unsatisfactory encounter, looked up in Cyril's face to congratulate him.

But he was in no mood to return it. The twilight had faded away, and the night that was settling on him seemed an emblem of the greater darkness that now fell on his future. Throwing himself on the ground, burying his face in his hands, he gave vent to the conflicting feelings with which he had thus far struggled.

Again and again he reviewed the scene just passed; again he repeated every word and studied every look.

He could extract no comfort, no assurance—nothing but that he was a helpless boy in the power of a hard man.

Long he lay and bitterly he ruminated, till a lovely young moon peeping through the trees offered to light him home.

He rose, and Turk, who had not left his side, gave a jump and a joyous bark; but, as if suddenly recollecting himself, made a pounce upon the rustling leaves, and, extracting something, brought it with a wag of his tail to his master.

It was the purse, of which Cyril had not thought since it dropped, and which he now took almost mechanically. It was heavy with gold, but he did not examine it.

"I'll never use a shilling of it," said he, proudly, "till I know by what right he dares to give it to me. Come, Turk, home!"

On reaching the house he found Mrs. Pope just setting forth in search of him. Her troubled brow changed to a frown of displeasure as soon as she saw him safe.

"What on earth, Cyril, made you stay so?" I expected nothing but that you'd broke your neck climbing them there rocks. It is ridiculous to frighten us so! stay in out all day, too, without half-vistals enough—no wonder you look so dragged! Your uncle has been walking up and down, worried most to pieces, I can tell you."

He passed her with few words, and, going to Mr. Fairfax's room, found him anxiously looking from a window.

At the sound of Cyril's step, he turned to express his relief, but, struck by his countenance, exclaimed:

"What is the matter? What has happened?"

Cyril could answer only by throwing himself into a chair, and saying:

"I have seen him! I have seen him!"

"Whom, Cyril? What can you mean?"

"That man!"

Mr. Fairfax seated himself by him, took his hand, and forbore farther questioning till he had soothed him sufficiently to give voluntarily the particulars of the interview.

He heard them indignantly, but chiefly intent on quieting Cyril's fearful agitation, he said, gently:

"Be comforted, my dear boy! We have still one thing to be thankful to him for; he has not separated us, as he might have done had it suited his purpose; and as remorselessly as he has now wounded you!"

"Separate from you! He should have killed me first!"

The next morning Mr. Fairfax, not farther to excite Cyril, went alone to the next village to make inquiries.

A gentleman had arrived there on horseback late in the preceding afternoon; had asked some questions as to roads, and the shortest walk to the upper village; had then set out on foot "to see the falls," as he said.

He returned after sunset, immediately called for his horse, and went away. Nothing farther was known or could be heard of him.

The occurrence proved an occasion of increased solicitude to Mr. Fairfax. Cyril, though always more thoughtful than boys of his age, had never been other than cheerful and happy.

His temper, sweet and affectionate, was never ruffled by unreasonable or capricious moods; always kind and obliging to others; unexact and grateful for himself.

But now Mr. Fairfax remarked with pain that he was listless, gloomy, irritable, though never so to him; excited to sudden causeless anger; then even unreasonably self-accusing—all indicating the rude shock his nature had received. Of the stranger he rarely spoke; when he did so, it was with a proud, defiant air.

(To be Continued.)

We understand that by request of Her Majesty, Sir Noel Paton's last great picture, "Life or Death, or the Man with the Muck Rake," has been sent to Balmoral for Her Majesty's private inspection.

NEWSPAPERS IN FRANCE.

JOURNALISM in France is no mushroom institution; it can boast a pedigree of nearly 250 years. The first French newspaper was the "Gazette," which appeared in 1631. During the wars of the Fronde there circulated in Paris 52 newspapers. In 1633 there appeared an advertising sheet called the "Bureau d'Adresses." The following specimen of contents will show that human life then was much the same as it is at present:

Seigneurial lands to sell; houses in Paris to sell or hire; rentes to sell; offices to sell; furniture to sell, &c. In 1672 the "Mercure Galant" had a great success, and lasted nearly 100 years. According to a return made by order of Napoleon I., there circulated, during his reign in Paris, two English newspapers, one the "Argus," which boasted 143 subscribers, and the "Bel Messenger," which had only 16 subscribers.

GETTING INFORMATION.

As a pedestrian tourist was lately proceeding towards Tours, he asked a man who was breaking stones by the roadside how long it would take him to reach that place. The man looked at him without speaking, and then resumed his work.

The question was repeated with the same result, and at last the traveller walked on. He had not proceeded more than a hundred yards when the man called after him and made a sign for him to return. When the pedestrian reached the stone-breaker, the latter said to him:

"It will take you an hour to reach Tours."

"Then why did you not tell me so at first?" said the traveller.

"Why," replied the man, "it was necessary for me first to see at what rate you walked; and from the way you step out I am unable to say that you can do the distance in an hour."

A NEW PIANOFORTE.

A PIANOFORTE of singular construction is now creating a great sensation in Paris. It has two keyboards placed one above the other like those in organs. On the lower keyboard the lowest note is at the extreme left; on the upper keyboard the lowest note is at the extreme right of the performer.

The advantages gained are—1st, that the fingering is the same for both hands in similar passages; 2nd, that whereas upon the ordinary pianoforte each hand can only be said to have perfect command over one-half of the keyboard, by means of the reversed keyboards each hand has a perfect command over the seven octaves; 3rd, that no particular part is necessarily assigned to either hand—the upper part of any composition may be played with the left, and the lower part with the right hand.

M. Oscar Comettant (a first-class pianist and critic) writes:—"Notwithstanding its apparent complication, the pianoforte with double keyboards is very much easier to play than the ordinary pianoforte."

THE Government have directed Mr. Buckland to make an inquiry into whitebait. His investigations will extend to Ireland.

"MAKE the face the mirror of the soul," says Dr. Holland. It is very unwise advice. If it were followed, there would be so many dreadful countenances that all the horses would get frightened and run away.

HENRY DUSSEAUT has accomplished the feat of walking on the water, the performance taking place at Taunton, Ohio. With a pair of tin shoes, 3ft. wide by 1ft. long, he walked a quarter of a mile in six minutes.



[MISUNDERSTOOD.]

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

"RICHARD'S main fault is that he's just good-for-nothing," and Josiah Broadbent tapped the ashes out of his pipe in a very desponding way.

"I don't believe that, Josiah. Nature does not put such a grand dome over a fine face for 'nothing.' Richard has not had a fair trial, that is all about it."

The subject of this conversation sat at an open window at the other end of the long parlour, and as the two older men looked toward him, he raised his eyes from the book in his hand, to follow the upward flight of a white-winged flock of pigeons.

Rational, full deep-set eyes, and a bright, keen face, surrounded by soft, light, curly hair.

Most people would have looked at such a face in a man with dim doubts and forebodings.

His father did.

Richard was a stray soul in a stray body in that plain, matter-of-fact family.

None of the Broadbents had ever been the least like him.

Yeomen, woolstaplers, spinners, and weavers, great hard-headed, hard-fisted Yorkshiremen, what kin to them was this bright, clever youth,

who looked like a knight just stepped out of a fairy book?

At first Richard's love of learning had rather amused his household.

Old Josiah was not averse to seeing his son carry off all the honours of his school, and when people spoke of the lad's attainments and of the promising career before him, he thought, of course, they meant that Richard would greatly increase the business of Broadbent and Sons, and perhaps, in the end, get into Parliament.

But Richard showed no disposition for business, and after a year of fruitless and aggravating efforts to find something he could do in the works, the trial had been abandoned. His elder brothers, Stephen and Mark, were very fond of this lad, who was ten years younger than either of them, and whose beauty and bright ways had been their pride for twenty years. Indeed, Richard's mother dying at his birth, these "big brothers" had adopted "Little Dick" with all their hearts, and when he complained that the smell and noise of the works made him ill, Stephen had spoken very decidedly to his father about forcing the trial further.

"There's plenty o' brass i' Leeds Bank to keep him, father, an' Mark an' I can well fend for ourself's. Let the lad be. He's none like us."

And Josiah, having also a tender spot in his heart for his youngest son, had sighed, and then left Richard very much to his own devices.

But every now and then he wanted his

grumble about the lad's shiftless, good-for-nothing ways, and this night he had had it to his chief friend, the Rev Samuel Sorley, rector of his parish.

Mr. Sorley knew Richard better than either his father or brothers, and he was glad the subject had been opened.

Josiah," he said, gravely, "tell Stephen and Mark that I want Richard for four years. You can give him a thousand pounds, or not, just as you trust me, but at the end of that time I think I'll prove Richard Broadbent no idiot."

"What wilt do wi' him, Samuel? Send him to Oxford?"

"Thou must ask no questions, Josiah. I'll have the lad entirely at my own disposal."

Then the two men looked towards Richard again, but he had left his seat and was strolling off towards the park.

They walked to the window and watched him, and his father lifted the book he had laid down, and with a mixture of contempt and indignation threw it aside.

At this moment Stephen Broadbent entered the room, and said, angrily:

"Father, Dick is off to the wood again. I'm will enou' to let Dick play the idiot i' our house, but dang me if he shall meddle i' t' squire's!"

"What does thou mean, Stephen?"

"I mean that our Dick an' Miss Saurham have gotten some love nonsense together. I know it. I'll tell thee how: Jim Harkness, going home from t' works, has seen them meet every night. Now, I ween't have it."

Father and son were both equally angry and distressed, but this circumstance so favoured the rector's proposition that it was eagerly seconded by Stephen, and was regarded as settled.

Then the rector put himself in Richard's way and met him just at dark outside the park.

He was a man accustomed to look well after his parishioners and their children, both temporally and spiritually, and therefore Richard was neither astonished nor offended when he said:

"Who have you been walking with, Dick? Tell me the truth, my son."

"With Agnes Saurham, sir."

The light of love was still in the young fellow's face, and the rector could not help noticing how handsome he was. He did not say to him:

"You have no right, Richard—the young lady is far beyond your station. You are going to make a deal of trouble," and so on.

On the contrary, he praised Agnes's beauty and worth, and then showed him how lawfully the squire might refuse her hand to any man until he had done something to prove himself worthy of it.

"What can I do, sir?"

"I will tell you, Richard."

And then the old man took the young one's arm and talked so solemnly and so earnestly that Richard caught his enthusiasm, and whatever Mr. Sorley's plans were, he entered heartily into them.

"You shall have every help that money can give you, Richard, only mind, I will have no love-making, and your proceedings shall be kept a secret from all your friends. I don't want Stephen and Mark running up to see you and meddling in my plans."

One thing Richard, however, insisted on: he must see Agnes once more, and tell her he was going away; and Mr. Sorley agreed to this, on condition that he saw the squire also.

The first interview was easy and satisfactory enough; Agnes praised his ambition and genius, prophesied all sorts of honours to him, and promised to wait faithfully for his return.

Her father was a different person to manage, and Richard's heart quaked as he entered the squire's own peculiar parlour.

It was a sunny room, littered with odds and ends of hunting and fishing matters; and the

squire was sitting on a big, old-fashioned sofa, playing with a couple of thorough-bred black English terriers.

He said frankly enough:

"Good-day, Richard Broadbent;" but he did not trouble himself to rise, for the Broadbents had been tenants of Saurham from the days of King Stephen.

That in these cotton-spinning days they had grown rich did not alter their position at all in Squire Saurham's eyes.

Fifty years ago the great landed proprietor did not consider money as an equivalent for good birth; so the squire treated Richard pretty much as he would have done a favourite servant.

"Miss Saurham says thou art going away, Richard. What for, lad?"

"To study, sir."

"Yes, yes. 'When lands and money all are spent, then learning is most excellent.' I have always heard that; but, lad, thy father has money—why need thou go study?"

"Because, sir, I wish to make a great name, to become famous; then, sir, perhaps, Squire—then—"

"The dickens! Speak out, lad—then what?"

"Then, sir, perhaps you will permit me to tell you how dearly I love Miss Saurham."

"No, Richard, I shall never allow anything of the kind. If 'twere not for old Josiah I would say worse than that to thee. Come, Giddy, come Rattle, we will go to the hayfield. I hope thy study, Richard, may teach thee to be more modest and sensible."

Richard watched the sturdy figure in its green coat, white corduroys, and buff top-boots across the lawn, and then, with a very angry feeling in his heart, left the Hall.

He disappeared soon afterwards, and after a few desultory inquiries from various acquaintances, he seemed to be forgotten.

The Broadbent mills went on as usual.

Josiah, and Stephen, and Mark passed to and from them as regularly as if their life was ordered by machinery; and once a week the rector went up to their house, smoked a pipe with Josiah, and generally said, as he left:

"All is well with Richard, Josiah—very well indeed!"

In the fourth year of his absence there was much trouble between the mill-owners and the operatives.

The masters were everywhere threatened, and many mills were set on fire, and the excitement and terror was hardly allayed even when the prominent offenders had been imprisoned.

Their trial was one that affected the interests of all manufacturing districts, and the spacious court-house was crowded. Josiah, of course, was present; so were Mark and Stephen.

Now, if there was anything these men had an almost idolatrous respect for, it was the paraphernalia of the law.

Those advocates in their black gowns, those grave men in their imposing wigs, those wise looking calf-bound volumes, the pomp and ceremony of the sheriffs, constables, and criers, were to them the most obvious representatives of the majesty of English law and power.

Conceive, then, their amazement, when prominent among these gowned advocates, giving directions to other lawyers, and demeaning himself as one having authority, was Richard Broadbent.

Old Josiah flushed and trembled, and touched Stephen and Mark, who were also too much affected to do anything but gravely nod their heads.

But when the arguments were over, and Richard Broadbent rose as special pleader in the matter, curiosity changed to amazement and amazement to enthusiasm.

Such a speech had never been heard in West Riding before. It was cheered and cheered, till even Yorkshiremen's lungs were weary.

The good rector had his reward when he stood beside his protégé and saw the squire and the city magnates crowd round the brilliant young lawyer with their congratulations. But far greater was his joy when old Josiah and Stephen and Mark pressed forward with

radiant faces and full hearts. They were not men given to speech, and the happy father could say nothing but, "Heaven bless thee, lad!" while Stephen's and Mark's pride and love found its full expression in, "Well, Dick! Dick!"

But no words could have been more satisfactory.

The good-for-nothing had found his vocation.

Two years after his departure from Leeds he had been called to the bar at Gray's Inn, and since then, by his tact and eloquence, had made himself one of the acknowledged leaders of the Oxford circuit.

There was nothing now that his father and brothers would not have done for him, but he asked just the one thing Josiah was loth to move in; he wished him to speak to the squire about his daughter.

Josiah promised, but he was thinking of deputing the business to the rector, when the way opened unexpectedly. Coming out of Leeds Bank, he met the squire, who had a troubled, pre-occupied look.

He passed Josiah with a nod, then suddenly turned and, touching him, said:

"Josiah Broadbent, your house and mine have been long friends, eh?"

"Say that, Squire. Broadbents served Saurhams when King Stephen was fighting for the crown of England; they are just as ready to serve them now."

"I believe it, Josiah. I want four thousand pounds. My boy Roger has got into trouble. I would rather owe it to you than mortgage Saurham."

"Thou can have ten thousand pounds, twenty thousand, if thou need, squire, an' Josiah Broadbent wants no security but Squire Saurham's word—he wor a bad un if he did."

Then Josiah, standing there on Market Street, laid his bank-book on a bale of wool, and signing a blank cheque, put it into the squire's hand.

The fewest words in such cases are best. With the tact of a true gentleman he turned the conversation to Josiah's son, and finally hesitating a little, said:

"There was some bit of youthful love-making between Richard and my Agnes; thou didst not know it, belike, Josiah."

"Yes, that for he were sent away mainly; but he's as fond as iver about her. Thou mustn't strive wi' him, Squire—love is beyond our ordering."

"I had no thought of it now. Richard has proved his metal. You may tell him if Agnes says 'Yes' still, I'll never be the one to say 'No.'"

"Thank you, Squire, it is a great honour; an' if so be you'd never name the money to the young uns, I'd tak' it kind. That's between us, Squire; I can't draw a sword for you, as Rufus Broadbent did for the first Squire of Saurham, but I can draw a cheque for you, and I'm proud and glad to do it."

As Richard had secured Agnes' "Yes," the future arrangements were easily settled, and within a year lovely Agnes Saurham became Richard Broadbent's wife, and the squire has had good cause to be proud of the alliance.

Old Josiah also lived to see his son not only one of Her Majesty's counsel, but also Member of Parliament for his native city, and a Baron of the Court of Exchequer.

Thus the good-for-nothing in a spinning-mill was good for an honourable and noble career in a court-room. Young men, act out your genius; nothing else avails. A. E. B.

DORSET INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, 1878.

THE county of Dorset is to have an Industrial Exhibition. Lord Shaftesbury has consented to be president, and nearly all the nobility of the county have given in their names as patrons. The rector of Melcombe Regis has given his consent to hold the exhibition in the Melcombe

Regis School-rooms. A schedule of prizes, varying in amount from 5s. to £4, has been prepared, with silver medals for manufacturers.

The Exhibition is strictly confined to the county of Dorset, and we think it is likely to promote industry and frugality. The prizes offered for competition are in value £400, and a guarantee fund of £200 has been raised in case of a deficiency. The general secretary is Mr. W. Mordaunt, Thiselton. We heartily wish the Exhibition scheme every success. It is proposed to hold the Exhibition from July 24th to August 7th, at Weymouth.

"ON HIS LEGS AGAIN."

It happened just as I tell it, and I think it worth putting in print. One bright morning, not many days since, Mr. Brightly met Mr. Sprightly and asked after the affairs of their mutual friend, Golightly.

"By the way, Sprightly, how is Golightly flourishing these hard times? I heard he was a little under the weather."

"Oh!—Ah!—Golightly! Yes, yes, I saw him yesterday. He's getting on his legs again."

And with this bit of information Mr. Brightly went his way, for business drove him. A few days thereafter he met his friend again, and hailed him savagely:

"See here, Sprightly! You led me into a pretty fix!"

"I—a fix! What d'ye mean?"

"Why, on the strength of your representation I endorsed for Golightly; and now look at it! He's gone up!—smashed! Not a shilling in the pound!"

"But—my dear man! How did any representation of mine mislead you?"

"Why—didn't you tell me he was on his legs again?"

"Oh,—ah,—ha, ha,—I see. Yes—I did say he was getting on his legs again; but you didn't wait to hear me explain. I meant that he had been obliged to sell his horses and carriages, and was thus forced to—"

"Oh—bah! Ridiculous!" interrupted the irate endorser; and away he went again, this time to put in his claim against the man who had so recently got upon his legs.

SALMON FRY FOR THE RHINE.

SOME 300,000 young, four-five weeks old salmon, from the fish-hatching establishment at Huningen, have, in the presence of a fishery commissioner, been deposited into the river Rhine, at Huningen, on the afternoon of the 20th ult.; 150,000 to 200,000 more are to follow shortly. The young fry still carried the yolky pouch, which they have attached to their little bodies when breaking out of the eggs, and which furnishes nourishment to the young ones until they are able to feed themselves.

The "German Fishery Gazette" says that most of them, a few moments after being emptied out of the tin-boxes in which they were brought from the breeding establishments, had searched at once for a safe hiding-place under the stones laying at the bottom of the river, which could clearly be seen, as the greater part of the fry had been deposited in shallow water. The chief burgo-master of Freiburg, in Breisgau, Grand Duchy of Baden, has declared his readiness to hatch in his artificial fish-breeding establishment 50,000 salmon ova for the Rhine, and 80,000 for the Danube districts.

THE other evening, on leaving the opera, a short-sighted gentleman said to a lady with a fashionable long train over her arm: "Do allow me to carry your mantle for you;" upon which he seized and elevated the train, blushed, and apologised.

WANDEREES AND OUTCASTS.

Four thousand two hundred stray dogs have, it is stated by the manager of the Dogs' Home at Battersea, during the past twelve months been either restored to their owners, or provided with new homes by this institution, that number being an increase of five hundred over the previous corresponding period.

During the year fourteen new kennels, capable of receiving thirty dogs each, have been built, and many improvements had been made in the airing yard, thus enabling them to give shelter to the large numbers of animals seized by the police under the order of the Chief Commissioner. Members of every class of society, including those well acquainted with doggy matters, had, according to the manager's report at the seventeenth annual general meeting of the society's members and friends recently holden, inspected the premises, and expressed their satisfaction at them.

Since 1867 there have been 93,000 animals brought to the Home, but among them there has not been one case of rabies. A legacy of £300 bequeathed has been received and applied to the reduction of the mortgage debt, which now stands at £1,200, and to clear off this an appeal has been made for increased pecuniary support.

The increase from all sources, exclusive of the legacy above mentioned, amounted to £1,828, of which £1,453 was realised by the sale of dogs. The expense in the same time had been £2,279, including an item of £580 for new buildings, &c., the balance in hand at the close of the year standing at £205 as against £653 a year previous.

ACCLIMATISATION OF GAME IN SWEDEN.

THE American wapiti has been acclimatised in Sweden. In 1874 a pair of them were obtained. They were placed in the park at Skeppsta, and there dropped in the first year a male, and in the second a female fawn. As the two old wapiti had become vicious, they were shot; and in the summer of 1876 the young ones were let out of the park, and during the severe and snowy winter which followed had to find their own food. In the spring they were in good condition, and accompanied by a fawn.

Some roe-deer turned out at Bokedalen sixteen years ago have thriven well. They have spread over a tract of country many miles in extent; and Lieutenant Adelsjöld has more than one hundred head on his estate. No one supplied them with any food during the winter. Their worst enemies in those parts are self-hunting dogs. Since the wild swine at Skeppsta were shot down last winter, there have been none of this sort of game in Sweden. They stood the climate well, and increased rapidly; but they required a great deal of food in winter, and did much damage.

Feathered game from other countries have also been acclimatised in Sweden, and pheasant rearing has been carried on for five years. Last year 500 head were bred. Out of 325 partridges' eggs stated to have been imported from England, 205 birds were produced. Each hen was given twenty-five eggs, and, when the young were hatched off, was confined in a coop, of which the bars were wide enough apart to allow the young partridges to go out and in. The coops were placed in a level meadow.

For the first week the young birds were fed on the eggs of the field ant, which they picked out for themselves; but after that time they were supplied with those of the wood-ant, which were thrown down before them, mixed up with fir needles and the ants themselves. When the young birds were able to fly they were moved to the edge of a field of oats near some good partridge ground. Food was placed by the coops, but when, after a couple of days, it re-

mained untouched, the hens and the coops were removed. The young birds soon became wild and up to this time none have been missed.

FACETIÆ.

A RESULT OF OVER-EDUCATION.

PRECOCIOUS CHILD (crying): "Mamma, I have committed a bad sin—Idolatry."

MAMMA (with surprise): "Have you, my dear; how so?"

P. B. (crying louder than ever): "I have been looking at the dolls in the shop windows, and I want one—I worship dolls!" —Judy.

RATHER FATIGUING.

AN Aberdeen young philosopher last week started on his first railway journey with his mamma.

Soon after starting he began:

"What makes that noise?"

"The carriages," answered the mother.

"What for?"

"Because they are moving."

"What are they moving for?"

"The engine makes them."

"What engine?"

"The one in front."

"What's it in front for?"

"To pull the train."

"What train?"

"This one."

"This carriage?" pursued the youngster, pointing to the one in which they sat.

"Yes."

"What does it pull it for?"

"The engineer makes it."

"What engineer?"

"The man on the engine."

"What engine?"

"The one in front."

"What's it in front for?"

"I told you that before."

"Told who what?"

"Told you."

"What for?"

"Oh, be still! You are a nuisance."

"What's a nuisance?"

"A boy who asks too many questions."

"Whose boy?"

"My boy."

"What questions?"

At this point the train pulled up at a station to collect tickets, and the gentleman who had listened impatiently got out and into a carriage as far off as possible, just catching the boy's voice as he did so, exclaiming:

"Tickets! What tickets?"

THE OBELISK'S LAST MOVE BUT ONE.

YOUR obelisk's ne'er drawn such crowds, it declares,

As now that it's moored off Adelphi new stairs;

Since a derelict over from Ferrol it came,

In the cylinder ship, "Cleopatra" by name.

SAYS Wilson to Dixon: "We've done it, by gum!"

SAYS Dixon to Wilson: "The 'crux' is to come."

SAYS Wilson to Dixon: "Two hundred tons weight."

SAYS Dixon to Wilson: "To lift and set straight."

SAYS Wilson to Dixon: "If you can do that."

SAYS Dixon to Wilson: "Or else crush me flat."

SAYS Wilson to Dixon: "Our stone if we show."

SAYS Dixon to Wilson: "O'er Paris we'll crow."

SAYS Wilson to Dixon: "Lux-or theirs they call."

SAYS Dixon to Wilson: "And we ours Luck's all."

—Punch.

MELANCHOLY in Mark Lane—Maize and beans

may well be "dull" when they are "almost neglected" in the Corn Market. —Judy.

"EASELY" DONE.

It was remarked at the inspection of the Artists' Corps on the Queen's Birthday that it was a pity they were not armed with swords, as they would be so good at drawing them; and, if necessary, painting them as well with their adversaries' gore. —Fun.

THE AUSTRALIAN ELEVEN V. M.C.C.

THE Australians came down like a wolf

on the fold;

The Mary-bone cracks for a trifle were

bowed;

Our Grace before dinner was very soon

done,

And our Grace after dinner did not get

a-run. —Punch.

FROM THE "CORSE."

WHY are Epsom Downs on a Derby day like the battlefields of Bulgaria? Because they are strewn with "dead men." —Judy.

DIRECT FROM RAMSGATE HARBOUR.

WHEN a sailor retires from active service does he become an anchor-ite? —Judy.

A TIP for Gunpowder Makers—Never blow up your workmen on the premises. —Judy.

A MISS-GUIDED MAN.

THE defendant in a breach-of-promise case.

—Judy.

BY "ONE WHO NOSE."

A "PROMINENT FEATURE" of the nineteenth century (and, indeed, of every other century). —The nose. —Judy.

"BORNE ON THE BOLTS OF JOVE."

"YESTERDAY's thunder," we read in the letter of a Correspondent of the "Times" (under date May 2), "brought us four pair of glossy swifts, strong on the wing." How kind of Jupiter to order out his thundering team for these fast little visitors!

The Correspondent goes on: "This morning they breakfasted on the Ephemeris sailing in the sunshine on Muswell Hill."

Riding the thunder to-day, and breakfasting on Ephemeris to-morrow! What an existence! From the sublime to the short-lived—if not the ridiculous.

At all events, it is a verification of Horace—

"Disptier

..... per purum tonantes

Egit equos volucremque curram."

Jove's coach may, indeed, be called henceforth the "Swift Chariot." —Punch.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

MR. PUNCH understands that with a view to Lord Beaconsfield's visit to Berlin, a travelling Statesmen's Dialogue-book in three languages, for the use of National Representatives, is in active preparation. The following dialogue (in English only) appears to be an extract from the work in question.

AT A CONGRESS.

Good morning, gentlemen. I am an Englishman.

Sir, we are pleased to hear it. What can we do for you, sir?

You can give me Egypt, a part of Turkey in Europe, the Black Sea, and Armenia.

With pleasure, sir. Can we do anything more for you, sir?

You can also degrade Gortschakoff.

We will attend to your order, sir.

I wish also an indemnity for the Indian troops.

Will sixty thousand million roubles do, sir?

It is too much. Thirty thousand million roubles will be sufficient.

You are too generous. We thank you very much. Prince Gortschakoff (before he is degraded) shall produce the money. Have you anything more to say to us, sir?

Only that Britannia rules the waves.

We know it, sir. Is there any further communication you wish to make to us, sir?

Only this. We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do, we have the ships, we have the men, we have the money too.

We are convinced of it, sir. Is there any other question you wish to put to us?

Have you read my novels?

No, sir. We wish to read them. Where can we obtain them, sir?

At any respectable news-vendor's in town or country.

Thank you, sir. We will buy them at once, sir. May we go home now, sir?

Yes, you may now go home.

Thank you, sir.

—Punch.

OPPOSITION NOT OBSTRUCTION.

THE Speaker judiciously distinguishes between the opposition of small minorities to certain Bills, as in the case of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, and mere obstruction for obstruction's sake to despatch of business. The rule by which fair may be distinguished from vexatious opposition seems simple enough. The opposition is fair when the Bill opposed is vexatious.

—Punch.

A SLIGHT DISTINCTION.

"No," replied Mrs. Malaprop, slowly, "I can't say that I ever was in Dublin, but my mother has a second cousin called Irish who dealt in cork; so there?"

—Fun.

HOW FOOLISH!

It is calculated that the coalfields of England will be exhausted in five millions of years, and yet the people will burn it so recklessly and so extravagantly!

—Fun.

CLUB LAW.

THE recent disgraceful conduct of some members of the Raleigh suggests that in future this establishment be known as the Rowleigh.

—Fun.

A DIS-GRACEFUL DEFEAT.

It is customary to hear the polite expression "Thank you" many times during a game of cricket, but we doubt if the M.C.C. indulged their antipodean antagonists with this remark during the recent match. Much has been said of late in favour of Australian meat, but the Marylebone Club are most anxious for another kind of Australian meat (different to the last sample, which was too well done for them). We hope they will get what they want, as under such circumstances it is but meet they should be accommodated.

—Fun.

STATISTICS.

THE PEERAGE.—At the beginning of the present year the House of Lords consisted of—Blood Royal, 5; archbishops, 2; dukes, 21; marquises, 20; earls, 128; viscounts, 32; bishops, 25; barons, 261; or a total of about 25 per cent. more than at the death of George IV. Of the barons who responded to the first writs of summons to Parliament, issued more than 600 years ago, the descendants of two only now sit in the Upper House. These are Lord Hastings and De Ros, the baronies of both dating from 1204. The surviving peerages which were creations of the fourteenth century are 4; of the fifteenth, 7; of the sixteenth, 12; of the seventeenth, 35; and of the eighteenth, 95. The remainder are the creations of the present century. In the long series of Tory Administrations between 1760 and 1830 there were more than 400 new peerages; the actual number called into existence in the reign of George III. was 388. During the 17 years of Mr. Pitt's Premiership upwards of 140 new patents were issued; and within two years the same Minister had either made or promoted 35 new peers. The larger proportion of these names have, however, dropped from the roll of the House of Lords; for, on an average, more than 20 peers die annually, and three or four titles become ex-

tinget every year. Between the accession to power of Earl Grey in November 1830 and the resignation of Mr. Gladstone in February 1874, successive Liberal Premiers had added 163 names to the roll of the House of Lords, and Conservative Prime Ministers 39. Of the whole Lord Aberdeen was the most sparing in his distribution of these honours; for, during the term of his administration, between December 1852 and February 1855 he merely called up the barony of Strafford, and did not create one new peer.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Try to look on the bright side of things—don't be gloomy;

To fits of the "blues" 'tis absurd to give way;

Be cheerfulness ever your bosom companion;

Of sadness reject the lugubrious sway.

Don't talk, don't behave as if 'twere your conviction

That man is created expressly to mourn.

In spite of sad poets, philosophers doleful,

He is for a pleasanter destiny born.

Not to whine, be assured, was man placed on this planet,

But to labour, rejoicing; to strive to do good;

To enjoy the blessings Providence grants him;

Not o'er fancied hardships to uselessly brood.

Whenever you're tempted to glower and grumble,

'Tis a capital antidote just to contrast

The ills you repine at with those of the thousands,

Who have nothing to shield them from misery's blast.

Just reflect on their sorrows, and yours will soon dwindle,

Until you're ashamed that you gave them a thought;

Then with gloom laid aside, and your grievance forgotten,

For its manifold mercies thank Heaven, as you ought.

GEMS.

THE wisest man is not free from a mixture of folly.

BUFFON says that genius is only great patience.

IDLENESS is a sin. It is ruinous to the soul and body, and it leads to many other sins. There is enough to be done to employ the heart, and the head and the hands. An idle person will soon lose his self-respect, and he will not be likely to be respected by others. It is no disgrace to work for a living, but it is a disgrace to be idle.

THE number of innocent young girls who marry men, believing they can break them of their bad habits, and tug them off to church twice every Sunday, does not diminish in the least.

MONEY can furnish a house handsomely, but taste furnishes it artistically. Taste and contrivance are of far more importance than money; and of all the attractive houses it has been our fortune to see, by far the greater number have owed their attractiveness to the taste and the ingenuity of the owners, rather than to their purses.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

How to COOK SALMON.—Slice an onion into a stewpan, add a piece of butter, fry quite brown; add the fish, newly boiled, or of the day before, skinned, boned, and cut into small pieces; a little pepper and salt. When the fish has been frying for five minutes add a wineglass of water and also of brown sherry; put on the lid of the pan, and let it stew gently for half-an-hour; thicken it with a teaspoonful of flour made into a smooth paste with water, and serve up very hot.

LEMON DROPS.—Upon half a pound of finely-powdered sugar pour just enough lemon juice to dissolve it, and boil to the consistency of thick syrup. Drop this on plates, and put in a warm place to harden. Boil to a syrup, add grated lemon peel, and proceed as in the first receipt. By adding raspberry syrup, instead of lemon juice, you have raspberry drops.

BURNS.—Never put water on a burn. As soon as possible apply oil, and let no air come to the wound.

ORANGE BRANDY.—Put the peel of two dozen oranges into a quart of brandy and a gallon of sherry wine. Let them macerate for a month, strain and add a pound of loaf-sugar.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HIS Majesty King Humbert has subscribed 1,000,000*l.* to a monument which the city of Turin is about to erect to Victor Emmanuel.

It is, we see, reported, that the stolen Duchess of Devonshire picture is known to be in America, and an offer has been made to restore it for £5,000.

MRS. STOWE says £6,000 will cover all her profits from "Uncle Tom's Cabin." People who have great ideas about the money made by literary people will be rather surprised.

THE grandson of the late Dr. Arnold of Rugby, is serving as a volunteer in South Africa, and had a very narrow escape, for on going out into the bush to drive out cattle a Kafir fired at him, and put three loopers through his hat.

A MONUMENT SHATTERED BY LIGHTNING.—During a recent thunderstorm which passed over Perthshire the monument to General Baird, the hero of the storming of Seringapatam, which was erected on a hill between Brief and Cowrie, at a cost of over £4,000 in 1832, was shattered by lightning.

It appears that Cardinal Franchi was somewhat scandalised to learn that Leo XIII. required a billiard table to be installed at the Vatican; but when his Holiness insisted that to play an hour, at least, daily was necessary for his health, the secretary yielded gracefully.

LAWYERS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—There are now 149 barristers in the House of Commons, the latest addition being Mr. B.T. Williams, Q.C. who was last week returned without opposition as the representative of the Carmarthen boroughs. There are only five solicitors having seats in the House of Commons.

A MINT AT SEA.—A novel shipment was made to Honduras during the past month, being a complete mint, with its appurtenances and sets of dies. The machinery, and so forth, was made agreeably to a resolution of the Government of Honduras. A skilled assayer and machinist from this country went out to superintend smelting of ore and coinage.

A VIENNA mechanic has contrived to make springs strong enough to keep an ordinary-sized sewing machine in motion for hours. A system of cog-wheels is arranged underneath the surface of the table upon which the machine is fixed, and, by a handle at the side, the spring is wound up with the greatest facility. The velocity at which the machine works is entirely at the option of the person using it, and can be regulated ad libitum, and in the simplest manner.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANT READER.—Exercise in the open air, with regular and temperate living and early hours, will doubtless render your complexion satisfactory. A mixture of flowers of sulphur and milk is sometimes recommended to soften the skin.

J. S.—Nervous debility would produce the effect you describe. Cold bathing, temperate habits, avoidance of tobacco-smoking, a course of chalybeate medicine or other effective tonic, and the cultivation of cheerfulness, will soon effect an alteration, but you had better first seek the advice of a medical man, as the same effects are often produced by different causes.

S. B. N.—We shall insert one of your pieces of poetry next week; the other we shall keep by us till later on, when it will be more suitable to the season.

F. J.—Colour of hair reddish brown.

ORESTE.—"The Stranger." Yes, there are such persons in London, but we cannot make any selections for you. Advertise requirements in a suitable medium.

H. L.—The quotation is very commonly but erroneously rendered as "Convince a man," &c. The words should be:

"He that complies against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

The lines come from Butler's "Hudibras," part three, canto three.

HARRY.—A cement for meerschaum can be made of quicklime mixed to a thick cream with the white of an egg. This cement will also unite glass or china.

GRACE E.—To freshen black lace lay it on a clean table, sponge it all over with a weak solution of borax—about an even teaspoonful or less to a pint of warm water. Use a piece of old black silk—or black kid glove is better—to sponge with. While damp cover with a piece of black silk or cloth or iron.

W. T. H.—Make a strong solution of nitrate of silver in one dish and nitrate of copper. Mix the two together and plunge the brass into it. No heat the brass evenly until the required degree of dead blackness is obtained. This is the method used by French optician makers to produce the beautiful dead black colour so much admired in optical instruments.

M. B. K.—Dissolve oxalic acid in water or alcohol, and rub the skin with it; then polish with whiting or other fine polishing powder. Be sure to clean the acid off, or it will corrode the skin. Rub it with a cloth moistened with kerosene oil. The oxalic acid is poison.

HOUSEKEEPER.—A teaspoonful of vinegar put in the water will keep eggs from breaking when being poached.

TRAVELLER.—For harness polish take of mutton suet two ounces, beeswax six ounces, powdered sugar six ounces, lampblack one ounce, green or yellow soap two ounces, and water one-half pint; dissolve the soap in the water, add the other solid ingredients, mix well, and add turpentine. Lay on with a sponge, and polish off with a brush.

PEDESTRIAN.—To relieve burning feet, first discard tight boots; then take one pint of bran and one ounce of bi-carbonate of soda, put in a pail, and add one gallon of hot water; when cool enough soak your feet in this mixture for fifteen minutes. The relief is instantaneous. This must be repeated every night for a week, or perhaps more. The bran and bi-carbonate should be made fresh after a week's use. Bi-carbonate of soda can be purchased cheaply from druggists. The burning sensation is produced by the pores of the skin being closed, so that the feet do not perspire.

SUBSCRIBER.—Your composition and penmanship are alike very fair, but we cannot encourage you to send us any more poetry, as our supply is always in excess of our requirements.

JOE.—A good dryer for paints is made by grinding or dissolving a small quantity of sugar of lead in linseed oil.

POLITICIAN.—The preliminary meetings on the Eastern Question began on Monday, December 11, 1876, and lasted till January 29, 1877. The members were: Savfet Pasha and Edhem Pasha, representatives of the Sublime Porte; the Marquis de Salisbury and Sir Henry Elliot, England; the Comte de Bourgoing and the Comte de Chaudort, France; Count Zichy and Baron Calloe, Austria; General Ignatieff, Russia; Germany, Baron Werther; Italy, Count Corti.

SCANDALOUS, a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady.

KATE P. and ALICE A., two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Kate P. is eighteen, tall, light brown hair, blue eyes. Alice A. is sixteen, light brown hair, grey eyes. Respondents must be about nineteen, fond of home, loving.

MAD JACK, ARTFUL JOE, and HAPPY HARRY, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. Mad Jack is twenty-three, blue eyes, fair. Artful Joe is twenty-one, dark, medium height, fond of home. Happy Jack is twenty-two, medium height, hazel eyes.

REPUBLICAN, twenty-one, would like to correspond with a young lady about eighteen.

A. V. and J. M., would like to correspond with two young men. A. V. is dark, medium height, of a loving disposition. J. M. is twenty, good-looking.

BOLD HARRY and BASHFUL JACK, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. Bold Harry is dark, blue eyes. Bashful Jack is twenty-two, hazel eyes.

S. A. B., a widow, twenty-four, dark hair, hazel eyes, medium height, wishes to correspond with a gentleman. Must be fair, good-looking.

DOR, twenty-one, dark brown hair, blue eyes, domesticated, would like to correspond with a gentleman about twenty-two.

F. A. P., a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. He is dark, medium height, good-looking. Respondent must be about twenty-two.

SWEET SPRING.

Bustlings in the pine-boughs,
Murmurs in the air,
Blue wings and scarlet plumes
Fitting here and there;
Little tufted brown-heads;
Peeping from the sedges,
Glintings of a red-breast
Flashing through the hedges;
Luscious gusts of fragrance
Rising on each side,
Lending where sweet violets
Under fern-leaves hide:
These tell that Spring has come—
Spring, with its warmth and sun;
Spring, with its melody
Bursting from bush and tree.

Leaves upon the tree-boughs
Dancing and fro,
Honey-bees and butterflies
Everywhere we go;
Grass as green as velvet
Underneath the feet,
Dorling little daisies
Nestling there so sweet;
Lilies all in flower;
Apple trees in bloom,
Dainty white syringas
Flinging out perfume:
These tell of laughing Spring,
Glad, merry, laughing Spring,
Tripping on, day by day,
Lighting up our way.

In the lanes at night-fall
Lovers slowly glide,
Blonde curls and raven locks
Linger side by side;
Fairy forms of sixteen,
Manly youths of twenty,
Whisper in the moonlight
Loving words in plenty;
Gliding through the bye-paths,
Singing on the way,
Hand in hand they wander,
Happy as the day!
These tell that Spring has come,
Spring, with its warmth and fun;
Birds mate and lovers win,
When welcome Spring comes in.

C. A.

D. C. and C. B., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. D. C. is twenty-seven, dark hair, dark grey eyes, medium height. C. B. is eighteen, fair, medium height, light hair, light grey eyes, thoroughly domesticated.

M., eighteen, fair, fond of home and children, medium height, would like to correspond with a young man about eighteen.

LAURA and MAUD, two friends, would like to correspond with two gentlemen. Laura is eighteen, brown hair, blue eyes, fond of home, fair. Maud is twenty, auburn hair, light blue eyes, good-tempered. Must be about twenty-one, tall.

R. C. and MAT, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. R. C. is eighteen, fond of music. May is seventeen, dark hair, brown eyes, and loving. Respondents must be about twenty, dark, and tall.

TOMMY, twenty-five, tall, dark, would like to correspond with a young lady about the same age, loving, and tall.

LILY and ANNIE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Lily is seventeen, dark eyes, and of a loving disposition. Annie is nineteen, fair, good-looking.

M. K. G., thirty-one, a widower, would like to correspond with a lady about his own age with a view to matrimony.

E. H., tall, good-looking, fond of home and children, would like to correspond with a young gentleman who is fond of home.

B. D., twenty-eight, would like to correspond with a fair, domesticated young lady with a view to matrimony.

H. E. T. and E. C., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. H. E. T. is fair, handsome, tall. E. C. is good-looking, fair. Must be about twenty, medium height.

MARY H., twenty-two, dark hair, blue eyes, of medium height, fond of music and dancing, good-looking, would like to correspond with a young man fond of home and loving.

SARAH and EMMY, two friends, would like to correspond with two seamen in the Royal Navy. Sarah is eighteen, tall, dark hair, hazel eyes, good-looking, fond of music and dancing. Emmy is seventeen, dark, hazel eyes, fond of music. Respondents must be about eighteen, tall, good-looking.

O. A. M., a sailor in the Royal Navy, twenty-two, dark, would like to correspond with a young lady about eighteen.

D. P. and A. G., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. D. P. is seventeen, light hair, blue eyes, medium height. A. G. is eighteen, medium height, dark hair, dark brown eyes, loving, fond of home and children.

L. E. and E. F., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. L. E. is twenty, tall, brown hair, dark eyes, fond of home and children, medium height, of a loving disposition. Respondents must be about twenty-one, fond of home.

N. B. and T. W., two friends, wish to correspond with two young men. N. B. is seventeen, medium height, of a loving disposition, light hair, blue eyes, fond of home and children. T. W. is eighteen, brown hair, dark eyes, fond of home and children, medium height, of a loving disposition. Respondents must be about twenty-one, fond of home.

M. W., twenty-two, brown hair, grey eyes, of a loving disposition, thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a young man about twenty-four, dark, and loving.

S. G. D., twenty, fair, medium height, would like to correspond with a gentleman about twenty-four, fond of home.

B. F. C., nineteen, of a loving disposition, tall, dark hair, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about twenty, fond of home and children, brown hair, dark eyes.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

BLANCHÉ is responded to by—**R. A. C.,** twenty-three, fond of music.

CLARA H. by—H. S. R., dark hair and eyes, good-looking, tall.

PATTIE by—A. W. B., twenty, brown hair and eyes, tall, fond of home and music.

MARIA by—H. V., twenty-one, dark hair, blue eyes, good-tempered, fond of home and children, and good-looking.

E. D. by—G. W.

C. R. by—Frank, nineteen.

GEORGE by—Ann, thirty-three, domesticated.

R. J. S. by—Minnie.

F. S. D. by—Thomas H.

THE SIGN by—S. C., twenty-four, light hair, blue eyes, thoroughly domesticated, of a loving disposition, fond of home.

W. S. by—Alice.

LILY by—T. G., twenty-eight, curly hair, dark eyes, of medium height, dark.

V. N. by—Charles C., nineteen, black hair, medium height, fond of music.

ALICE F. by—F. S., medium height, brown hair, dark grey eyes.

LOVELY LITTLE ESTELLE by—L. C., thirty, blue eyes, fond of home, fair.

ELLEN by—W. W.

FANNY by—J. W. B., fair, light blue eyes, of a loving disposition.

A. P. by—Mary, tall, fair.

D. H. by—Kate, twenty-four, dark, grey eyes, has a fine voice.

EMILY by—Cyril, twenty-five, brown hair and eyes, good-tempered.

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